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THE
STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA;
A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY ROBERT FRANCIS JAMESON, ESQ.

Of the Inner Temple.

Barr'd from delight by fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn;
While memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart, and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream.

Pleasures of Hope.

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PROLOGUE.

Hard is his task who undertakes to please !
 Passion to rouse, and temper to appease—
 With chymic power dissolve each varied tone,
 And melt a thousand humors into one !

Each has a taste—a prejudice to lull,
 Some gay, some grave—some witty, and some dull !
 How then can poets ever hope to please
 At once such adverse sentiments as these ?
 “ *By painting nature* ”—is the cry around.
 But, let me ask—*where's nature to be found ?*
 Close-veil'd with art no feature she discloses,
 Men's characters are stucco'd, like their houses.
 So delicately nice, so rigid grown,
 'In this pure age no *naked hearts* are shown.
 The forest race of man, which lived of yore,
 Reclaim'd from nature, now is seen no more ;
 Art's livery o'er all a sauciness throws,
 And character in *class*, not *person*, flows.
 Should we try fiction, rule on rule is brought,
 To prune the wild exuberance of thought :
 Each grasps the shears, to shape the quickest waste,
 And, like a rural cit, conceives it *taste*.

O'er fancy's wilks all claim a right to sway,
 And, as the humor leads, mark out a way.
 The tree of knowledge every critic clips,
 And propagates new saplings with the slips.
 Ranged into groves, an avenue they frame,
 And point it as the surest road to fame.
 Some on this measured railway move, and find
 Unfetter'd genius leaves them far behind.
 Boldly he urges on—flies o'er each mound,
 And clears the critic hedges at a bound.
 Yet, as he flies, hark to the hue and cry—
 A *felon* by the *laws of poetry* !

To night our bard—but no, I will not sue—
 You're *english judges*, and will judge him true,
 Nor more I'll say, to temper your decrees,
 Than that his task is hard, who tries to please.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ



COVENT-GARDEN. NEW-YORK.

Don Gaspar,	<i>Mr. Blanchard</i>	<i>Mr. Green</i>
Don Alonzo,	— <i>Abbot</i>	— <i>Pritchard</i>
Don Christoval,	— <i>Jones</i>	— <i>Simpson</i>
Don Daphnis,	— <i>Fawcett</i>	— <i>Hilson</i>
Miguel,	— <i>Matthews</i>	— <i>Darley</i>
Geronimo,	— <i>Simmons</i>	— <i>Yates</i>
First Watch,	— <i>Atkins</i>	— <i>Charnock</i>
Aminta,	<i>Mrs. H. Johnston</i>	<i>Mrs. Darley</i>
Angelica,	<i>Miss Cooke</i>	— <i>Stanley</i>
Pertilla,	<i>Mrs. C. Kemble</i>	— <i>Claude</i>

Servants, watchmen, &c.—Scene—Salamanca.

THE
STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA.

A C T I.

SCENE I—*a street.*

enter don ALONZO and PERTILLA, meeting.

Don Alon. What, Pertilla !

Per. Ha ! don Alonzo ! is it you ? well met, sir, I was just going to pay you a visit.

Don Alon. And I hovering on the watch for you. How does my Angelica ?

Per. Like a child, sir, who cries to have the sun for a plaything, which the nurse won't let it have, because twould burn its fingers, so offers it a rattle instead. I know you lovers like similes, so I made that on purpose for you. My mistress is the child, you are the sun, my old master the nurse, and, to finish my metaphor, your rival the count is the rattle.

Don Alon. Is he arrived—is the count arrived ?

Per. No, sir, but he is expected to-night, and it is said the marriage is to take place directly. You know my master don Gaspar pretty well, I believe, sir, an old rusty weathercock, who will neither be moved by zephyrs or storms. The count was brought up under his care, and has always been designed for donna Angelica, but, poor thing ! she has a natural antipathy to him—they were always looked on as good as married.

Don Alon. Though I hold the flower, an adverse gale bears away its perfume. Oh, fortune, fortune ! I never wished for thy gifts till now ; yet, were I possessed of thy most liberal favors, I would barter them away for my Angelica, and think I had more than their equivalent

Per. Ah ! she is indeed a sweet young lady. Poor dear creature ! I'm sure, sir, you will be pleased to hear she is dreadfully distressed.

Don Alon. My misfortunes carry a balm with them, since they call forth her affection. In the gloom of sorrow, it is pleasing to catch a glimpse of heaven, even though the light that shows it be the flash of a storm. But it is ungenerous in me thus to leave her. I must end it at once ; the crisis is now arrived, and our union must be declared.

Per. Excuse me, sir ; love, they say, is blind ; at least lovers are so dazzled by the lustre of their mistresses, they cannot see other objects distinctly. Suppose now you go to don Gaspar, and declare your marriage—what do you think he'll do—give you a blessing and a portion ? no, sir, his pride and his passion will have a swelling match till they both burst. Donna Angelica is under age—he'll get you divorced, turn her into a convent, and you out of doors. I put the matter in the best light. 'Tis ten to one, but in his fury he runs you through the body, blows out his daughter's brains, and hangs himself.

Don Alon. What, in the name of heaven, can I do ! I fondly imagined when I gained the hand of my Angelica, that I had attained complete felicity ; but even the stealth of happiness makes me feel criminal—I tremble at every voice, and shrink from every eye. Yes, guilty I well may feel. I have torn an amiable girl from the bosom of affluence and a father. We have been too rash, Pertilla—we have been too rash.

Per. Will you allow me to advise you, sir ?

Don Alon. I will listen to any thing, or any one. A drowning man will catch at a straw.

Per. Sir your humble—you have really an exquisite turn for compliment. Why look ye, don Alonzo, you have been married now nearly three months, and have frequently without detection had meetings with your mistress—your wife I mean—but really though you are married, I can't help looking on you as lovers. Our rope-ladder is almost worn out, but it will serve once more to let you in at the window. Come to-night, at the usual hour, throw up the usual signal pebble, I shall be ready

at my post, and donna Angelica and you can then settle matters between you.

Don Alon. You say right, Pertilla, I should do nothing without my Angelica's concurrence.

Per. Well, then we shall see you. I only wish you were as sure of don Gaspar, as you are of my mistress. Hang these old fellows! they must always be busy—meddling with matters they have nothing to do with. I can't see what business a man after fifty has with his head unshaved and out of a cloister. *[exit]*

Don Alon. I am distracted with doubts and difficulties! something must be done without delay. If I had but a friend to confide in;—Christoval has so much levity, yet I believe him sincerely my friend. He has frequently of late noticed with concern the seriousness of my air. I think I may trust him—I'll go and—

enter don CHRISTOVAL, hastily.

Don Chr. Here! holla! hark'e! my dear fellow!

Don Alon. Ha! Christoval, are you here?

Don Chr. Zounds! I'm quite out of breath—I've had such a devil of a run after her.

Don Alon. After whom, pray?

Don Chr. That's what I want to know. Can you tell me whose house that is? *(pointing out)*

Don Alon. What, that?

Don Chr. Ay! the one that queer little fellow yonder, who is taking a pinch of snuff just now, is standing at.

Don Alon. *(aside)* Tis don Gaspar's! what can he—

Don Chr. You dont know? I'll just step and—

Don Alon. But Christoval!

Don Chr. Well,

Don Alon. Do you mean *that* house?

Don Chr. That house!—ay!

Don Alon. And pray what do want with the house?

Don Chr. Nothing, my dear fellow, nothing—only one of its tenants. But I'm wrong in calling it a *house*—tis a temple—for there dwells a divinity!

Don Alon. Ha!

Don Chr. You must know, the other day, as I was

lounging along the Alameda, thinking of some foolish thing or other—something about myself, I believe—my attention was suddenly arrested by one of the prettiest little feet imaginable sticking out beyond a tree. I stepped on, and found it belonged to an exquisitely turned ankle. The next step gave me a side-view of a delicate figure leaning on a seat; captivated by this, I strided on, and came full in sight of a lady in so confounded thick a veil, there was no seeing through it.

Don Alon. (aside) Could this be her!

Don Chr. Turning her head suddenly, a lock of hair fell over her shoulders, and informed me its mistress wore auburn tresses.

Don Alon. (aside) Yes, yes, it was her!

Don Chr. Now arguing logically, I inferred that to suit it she must certainly have a fair skin, and from these premises, neat feet, well-turned ankles, a fine figure, auburn hair, and a good skin, I immediately concluded she must be a devilish fine woman. As the astronomers observe *heavenly bodies* have a peculiar attraction, so egad, conformably to the laws of nature, I made up to her.

Don Alon. You did?

Don Chr. Ay, sir. But see the uncertainty of human affairs! at that moment fate came in a yellow chariot, and carried her off, before I could so much as say—"celestial creature, whereabouts do you put up on earth?"

Don Alon. So then you—

Don Chr. Prithce have patience. The next day, strolling down the Alameda as usual, I found myself unconsciously led to the same spot, and egad—there she was again!

Don Alon. Ha! again!

Don Chr. You may be sure I made good use of my time and tongue. The dear creature was by no means adverse—gay as a lark, and tender as a dove—in short, she made me completely happy.

Don Alon. Zounds! what do you mean?

Don Chr. She put up her veil—and under it I discovered such a nest of graces! but to describe her face, one would need a stock of stars, diamonds, roses, lilies, peaches—

es, gossamer and ivory, that would create quite a scarcity in the poetical world. In short, sir, such an angelic creature I never saw, and, as I like plain dealing, I told her so. But the gipsy was cautious—not a hint of her name and residence. I almost think she's married, for she seemed fearful of being noticed, and, on seeing some one approaching, begged me to leave her, which, after a promise of another meeting, I did.

Don Alon. And you have met, of course ?

Don Chr. Alack-a-day, sir, no. Day after day have I lingered in suspense. I have carried a *billet doux* ready written in my pocket, in case I should see her by chance, or find out her residence ; but all to no purpose—till just now I met my old friend, the yellow carriage, rattling along—sharp was the word—away I scampered, and, after puffing and blowing through half the streets of Salamanca, saw my fair unknown set down at yonder house.

Don Alon. (aside) There is a levity in this conduct that confounds me.

Don Chr. It seems a good house. You dont know who it belongs to ?

Don Alon. Yes, it belongs to a rich peruvian, don Gaspar de Souza, and it is his only daughter, donna Angelica, you have seen.

Don Chr. (takes out a pencil and letter, and writes)
“ Donna Angelica de Souza.”

Don Alon. (aside) I'll let him write, and find how she takes it. She certainly must have been guilty of great levity to have given him such encouragement.

Don Chr. Thank'e, my dear boy. What, you know her, do you ?

Don Alon. (aside) I'm not in a humor for his rattling. Good day to you, don Christoval. [exit

Don Chr. What the devil's the matter with him ? he seems discomposed, yet he can't dislike this affair of mine, for he told me my fair one's name. Ay ! ay ! your grave geniusses are generally sly dogs ; like northern volcanoes—frost on the face, fire in the heart. I'll engage he knows the address of all the pretty faces in Salamanca.

enter MIGUEL.

Mig. (speaking as he enters) Can't you look before you? blundering about, and knocking against people—oh! lord! sir, I beg your pardon, I didn't see you.

Don Chr. The way of the world—your precept goes one way, and your practice another. You come *appropos* though, I was just wanting you.

Mig. At your honor's service.

Don Chr. Do you know any of don Gaspar de Souza's family?

Mig. Hum! I once kept company with the cook—not that I was ever in the house, for I carried on a secret correspondence on the back of the butcher's tallies.

Don Chr. Then you can manage to get this letter conveyed into the house.

Mig. Álas! sir, the poor thing has been served up to heaven some time. I have a sort of how-dye-do acquaintance with the old butler, senior Geronimo—hey! talk of the devil—there he is waddling along this way.

Don Chr. Here then take this letter—I want it discreetly delivered—discreetly—you understand me. If he agrees to do it, he shall not want reward, nor you either.

Mig. Oh! sir, my humble abilities, natural and acquired are entirely at your honor's disposal.

Don Chr. I leave it to your management. *[exit*

Mig. Ah! these young fellows, whose heads are filled with love and burgundy, have no ideas beyond their mistress or their bottle. What would they do without their unfortunate friends, we valets? we are the life and soul of an intrigue—your lover is a mere machine. Let me see—tis now about eight years since I first entered on the right honorable office of a college valet, and in that time, in which I have descended like an heir-loom from student to student, and learnt as much latin and logic as all my masters put together, I have conducted about a hundred and fifty intrigues, disposed of a dozen heiresses, and laid the foundation of forty divorces. And here I am in a livery suit! ah! that jade fortune—well, we all

know she's blind. Seneca observes very justly when he says—

enter GERONIMO.

—ah! what, senor Geronimo, is it you? I hope I have the honor of seeing you well. 'Tis such a devil of a time since I've had the pleasure of setting eyes on you, I almost thought you had gone to heaven, but I'm extremely glad, my old friend, to find you're not there.

Ger. Thank'e, senor Miguel, thank'e for your good wishes.

Mig. Well, and how wags the world with you—ch, *comine?*

Ger. Pray, senor, dont swear so.

Mig. (aside) To see the ignorance of these common people!

Ger. I can't abide swearing, tis a sad wicked habit. I wonder a man of your sense, senor Miguel, should fall into it.

Mig. Oh! senor, you mistake—it was a quotation from the classics. *(aside)* a shrewd old fellow though—good natural capacity and a man of observation—oh! by the by, senor Geronimo, I have a little busines to transact with you.

Ger. Business senor?

Mig. Ay! a little love traffic. You must know my master, don Christoval d'Olvredo, has fallen in love with our young mistress.

Ger. Indeed!

Mig. *Ecce signum*—here it is under his hand. He's a rich young fellow, you a shrewd old one—so here, take a letter and debit him for the postage.

Ger. Why, how the deuce could he fall in love with my mistress?

Mig. What a simple question! would you ask a man the reason of his being a fool?

Ger. Truly tis none of my business—but I cant comprehend where he can have seen her.

Mig. That's none of your business either. Perhaps has only heard of her, and fallen in love through fancy. 's donslap, a great virtuoso in the female way. I have known him in love with a dimpled cheek one day, which

has been displaced the next by a taper arm, and that in turn kicked out by a pretty foot.

Ger. Hum! pray, senor, what does don Christoval do here in Salamanca?

Mig. His principal occupations are—eating, drinking, sleeping, lounging, and intriguing.

Ger. Ah! in other words, a student at the university!

Mig. Yes, *student* is the name young fellows at an university go by.

Ger. Does he come of a good family?

Mig. Superexcellent. He can count you no less than ten saints, fifty monks, as many nuns, one pope, two cardinals, and a hermit.

Ger. Ay, ay! but his fortune, senor, his fortune?

Mig. Old king Cræsus was a beggar to him! he could buy half the synagogues in christendom; bless you, his father was a contractor!

Ger. You may give me the letter, senor. I'll see what can be done for him.

Mig. If you'll do for him, he'll do for you. I have executed my embassy, and must now be allowed to kiss your hand. Senor Geronimo, may the gods and goddesses have you in their holy keeping. I am with the highest consideration, your most obedient very humble servant.

[*exit*]

Ger. Your servant, senor. Ha, ha, ha! what a politic old dog am I! thanks to st. Jago, I have a head. While half the young fellows in Salamanca are sighing and dying for my mistress, writing letters and receiving answers, she knows not a syllable of the matter. I am like the priest under the petticoat, and work the miracle. Let's see what our new spark has to say for himself (*opens the letter*) ha! "racks!" "torments!" "raptures!" ay, ay, the usual stuff—"slight view of your charms"—hey! "another meeting!"—hum! a thought strikes me—this is the richest of all my customers—let me see——

enter PERTILLA.

Per. Hey-day, father of mine—what are you ruminating on so profoundly?

Ger. Pertilla, is it you? you are the very one I wanted.

Per. The old business, I suppose?

Ger. Not very old, only born a few minutes ago.

Per. Sir, I must beg to be excused.

Ger. How, jade, how! what do you mean?

Per. Why, look'e, sir, I begin to think we have gone on long enough; let us retreat while we can do it safely. 'Tis now some months since first you persuaded me to personate donna Angelica in your plots, to show myself veiled at a window, and kiss my hand to the innamorato below; to walk by moon-light in the garden, as if waiting an assignation, while, by well-timed surprises you scared the expecting spark away before he could discover the deception. I begin to have compunctions of conscience; for, though cheating is fair enough in love dealings, and a mistress is allowed, by established rules, to use her swains like dogs, yet, as I am not in love with the poor devils you delude, I dont think it right to use them so barbarously.

Ger. Hark'e, jade, I give you your choice—will you be a poor chambermaid all your days, trudging to mass in second-hand finery and pattens, whose only hope will be to captivate some legacied footman, who will stick like a burr to you all your life; or will you be a fine lady rolling in a fine chariot, and married to a fine gentleman, who will treat you with so much politeness, that he will leave you intirely to yourself?

Per. My dear sir, if you have any good news to tell, out with it plump—never mind my feelings.

Ger. But your conscience.

Per. Oh! sir I am fully persuaded obedience to a parent is the first of all duties.

Ger. Oh! you do—then read this. (*gives the letter*)—
(*aside*) The jade will never come into the scheme, unless softened matters.

Per. Pshaw! common-place rant! what is all this to me?

Ger. Why you silly thing, the letter is to you.

Per. To me! pray wipe your spectacles, and look at the direction again, sir.

Ger. Do *you* look at it again—dont you see it is penciled? it is not five minutes ago since a gentleman came

up to me, and asked me if I didn't live at don Gaspar de Souza's. "Ay! marry do I," says I. "Pray," says he, "is there e'er a young lady in the house of the middle size, rather jolly?" and so he went on for half an hour, describing you to a hair.

Per. Bless me!

Ger. Thinks I to myself, something may come of this; so says I—lord forgive me for fibbing—it was all for you, you jade—"senor," says I, "you have drawn the very picture of my young mistress, donna Angelica." With that he whips out a letter, a pistole, and a pen-cil——

Per. Why sure can it be—pray, sir, what sort of a looking man was he?

Ger. As if you dont know? ay, ay! you're a sly one. (*aside*) I have hit the mark it seems.

Per. As I hope for a husband, I verily believe it is the very gentleman I met at st. Anthony's church last Tuesday at vespers. He seemed mightily struck with me, and insisted on seeing me home.

Ger. Your fortune's made, you jade, your fortune's made.

Per. Pray sir, let me see the letter again.

Ger. (*aside*) The very same, by st. Peter—tis all clear. I was sure it couldn't be my young mistress, for she has not stirred out this fortnight.

Per. Really an extremely well expressed letter—I'll read it over again at my leisure. The dence take it, I have prattled away my time,—I forgot I was in a hurry. I'll talk the affair over with you presently, sir. It wouldn't be right to throw away one's fortune.

Ger. You talk like a sensible girl, Pertilla. I'll manage the business; the sooner it is brought to a conclusion the better.

Per. I am quite of your opinion, sir, though I assure you I would have nothing to do with him if I didn't think his intentions were honorable. Bless me! is that a clock striking? what a wretched life one leads in service! ordered here and ordered there—tis a slavery with the best mistress. I shall see you again presently, sir, and we'll talk it all over; at present I'm forced to go;—one's teased

out of one's life with one whim or another—I'm sure I'm heartily sick of being driven about in this way. [exit

Ger. Her head is turned already. Well, this is beyond my hopes—she has hooked a rich fish, and tis now my business to haul him on shore. Hey! here comes another of my customers—that old fool don Daphnis. He's a student too—ha! ha! they say he formerly dangled behind a counter at Corunna, and was steady enough till he was turned of fifty, when a lumping legacy dropt into his pocket and overbalanced him. He's now in the teens of his second childhood, and allowing for the usual extravagancies of *young men* of his *age*, I have no doubt he will turn out as well as—most of his fellow students.

enter don DAPHNIS.

Don Daph. (singing)

“ Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow ;
Ah ! no ; the love that kills indeed,
Dispatches at a bl”——oh !

hugh ! this easterly wind twinges one unmercifully. What, Geronimo, my old buck—hugh ! hugh ! hugh ! well, my old boy, how does my little Angelica—hey ? has that circle, her heart, begun to melt—hey ? no answer from her yet—hey ?

Ger. Your worship——

Don Daph. Eh ! eh ! what do you say ?

Ger. Your worship must know——

Don Daph. Stop, stop, (*comes to the other side of Geronimo—aside*) My dear side. Please to speak loud, for the coaches make such a rattling.

Ger. My mistress and I were discoursing this morning about your worship.

Don Daph. What do you say ? your mistress and you went out a coursing this morning ?

Ger. My mistress and I were discoursing this morning about your worship.

Don Daph. Ay, ay !

Ger. She is afraid to write, because your worship is said to be so wild a gentleman.

Don Daph. Ha ! ha ! so then you hinted to her, as I directed to you, that I was a very devil amongst the women ?

Ger. I told her your worship was a mahometan in that respect, though a good christian in all others.

Don Daph. I a good christian ! jackanapes—you've ruined me. What a pitiful opinion must she have of my spirit. Why she must think me a mere humdrum. But what said my little queen—hey ?

Ger. "Geronimo," said she, "dont tell me any such flams, for I'm sure he's a very wicked old dog."

Don Daph. Eh ! old dog ? did she say *old* dog, Geronimo ?

Ger. She called *me* a wicked old dog, for saying your worship was a good christian.

Don Daph. Ay, ay ! that was it—the dear creature ! do you think she'll go to vespers to night, Geronimo ?

Ger. She never goes to vespers, your worship, except it be on a saint's day, and then she goes to the nunnery.

Don Daph. (*aside*) It's plain she does not trust this old fellow, by his not knowing I met her at st. Anthony's.—Well, well : but tell her I must have an answer—I know she's inclined—tell her I'm a man of honor, Geronimo. We rakes play the devil with women's hearts ; at the sight of we mortal jupiters, the little flutterers are in motion, and dance fandango's to the sound of our voices. Oh ! by the by, Geronimo, does your mistress lay in the front or the back of the house ?

Ger. In front, your worship—but I hope—

Don Daph. Dont be afraid—I'm only going to serenade her to-night. Here, here—here's a pistole—

Ger. I humbly thank your worship.

Don Daph. Can you give me change for it ?

Ger. I have left all my money, please your worship, in my other small clothes.

Don Daph. Why then you must work it out, by bringing me an answer to-morrow. Go—go, you old rogue—tipple success to Cupid and don Daphnis. Bless me ! there's the college bell—I shall be too late for the lecture.—

“ Let no one say that there is need
Of time for love to”—————

—hugh ! hugh ! hugh !

[*exit*

Ger. Your worship's most—ha ! ha ! an old fool.

[*exit*

SCENE II—*don Gaspar's house.*

enter ANGELICA, with a book,

Donna Ang. What a gloomy picture does this novelist draw of life, and for entertainment too ! strange ! that when he tells us misfortune is our common portion, he should serve it up thus as a banquet ! I am tired of toiling up this mountain of misery—(*throws away the book*)—the man has made me as melancholy as if the destinies of his heroine were to be mine.

AMINTA *peeps in.*

Donna Am. Cousin ! cousin Angelica !

Donna Ang. Is it you, Aminta ?

Donna Am. Are you at your studies still ? may I come in ?

Donna Ang. O ! pray favor me—I shall be glad to see you.

Donna Am. (enters) Upon my word, cousin, you treat me shamefully—I have been nearly a week in this house of your father's, and I don't think I have had an hour's conversation with you altogether—you're so fond of moping ; but I really must be rude enough to force myself upon you. I'm so wonderfully *ennui'd* to day, I can't stay any longer alone.

Donna Ang. It is your own fault. Your humor leads you to be perpetually abroad, mine inclines me to be more domestic—you always know where I am to be found, while looking for you would be like sailing in quest of a floating island.

Donna Am. Indeed, gentle cuz, I think mine a far better humor than yours. As Shakspcare, the great english dramatist, observes, sermons are to be found in stones ; so one may be more profitably employed in parading the pavement, than spoiling one's eyes and dulling one's spirits over paper.

Donna Ang. You have really grown prodigiously pious of late, cousin ; for I think you study nothing but sermons.

Donna Am. Oh ! yes ; but I do though—I'm vastly fond of philosophy. I can analyze the heart, and dissect the head, tell the specific gravity of a sigh, measure the angle of an ogle—in short, by my profound skill, I can divine the minutest movement of the soul ; tell by a glance round a ball-room what portion of envy a paramount beauty or a new head-dress raises, and what degree of interest each fop has in the bosoms of the fair, from a mere *penchant* to a mortal passion.

Donna Ang. Indeed ! I had no idea you were so wonderfully clever.

Donna Am. Study, my dear—study has made me a proficient. I, and three or four others at Madrid, always meet the morning after a party, to center and make remarks. Intellectual intercourse tends vastly to improvement.—But bless me ! *Angélica*—talking of study, why are you not at your toilette ? I hear your betrothed husband, count Pompodoso, is expected every moment.

Donna Ang. What a chill you've given me by uttering that odious name.

Donna Am. Odious name ! I see you have got the phraseology of matrimony already. But pray, my dear, why so violent against this poor man ?—he is young, rich, and noble.

Donna Ang. Pshaw ! an affected fop !

Donna Am. Oh, child ! he is only in his chrysalis state as yet. These fops undergo as many changes as a caterpillar ; they go through a series of coats, and assume new characteristics with every change ; but love, all-powerful love, draws them at once out of themselves, and they rise into butterflies to flutter in the sunbeam of beauty.

Donna Ang. I assure you I do not feel flattered by the office you assign me of being foster-mother to a fop.

Donna Am. No, no, my dear ; your eyes have been better employed than in hatching butterflies.

Donna Ang. Nonsense ! can I not refuse one man without being suspected of favoring another ?

Donna Am. Let me look in your face, and I'll tell you.

Donna Ang. Well, what will you tell me?

Donna Am. Ay! there it is—I see it as plain as possible.

Donna Ang. Absurd!—what do you see, pray?

Donna Am. Your heart, child—your heart, I can see plainly, that lodging for single gentlemen is already engaged. Now would it not be more polite to tell the count at once that you can't accommodate him, than to slap the door thus in his face?

Donna Ang. To tell you the truth, Aminta, this matter gives me great uneasiness. I never can love the count—love him! he is my aversion. Yet my father has looked forward to this union as the favorite project of his latter life, and you know how obstinate he is in the prosecution of his wishes. The count is too weak and too ungenerous in his nature to listen to me, especially since he must renounce my fortune at the same time.—But I will die sooner than submit to the sacrifice.

Donna Am. Come, come—there is something more to be told. State your case fairly, and then I'll engage in your cause.

Donna Ang. Ah! Aminta—if I could but confide in you!

Donna Am. Secrets of importance, my dear, you may safely trust me with: their weight will sink them to the bottom of my breast; and as I always speak what's uppermost, there will be no fear of their transpiring.—But hark! I think I hear don Gaspar!

Donna Ang. Yes: it is my father, I tremble lest the count should be come.

enter don GASPAR.

Don Gas. Ay! well, I'm glad he has let me know, I should have thought else he had met with some accident.—Ha! what are you here wenches? here's the count just sent on an express to say he won't be here to-night.

Donna Ang. (aside) Heaven be praised!

Don Gas. Several towns through which he is to pass, intend showing him some tokens of respect. Beside,

travelling quick is not consistent with his dignity, and he is always careful to preserve that—a true spaniard of the old castilian breed.

Donna Am. Upon my word, sir, I can't praise his gallantry, however laudable his other qualities may be.

Don Gas. He looks on himself as already married. His father, the old count, sent him home to me from Peru, when no higher than my knee, and expressed a hope to see our families united. I love him as a son, and ere four and twenty hours are elapsed, he shall have a fair title to the name—eh, girl? (*to donna Angelica*)

Donna Ang. My sentiments on that subject are not unknown to you, sir. I am not one of those who, cold as the altar they breathe their vows on—

Don Gas. Come, come, none of your sentimental whining. You know my mind, and it is your duty to conform. It grows late—go and consult your pillow—to-morrow every thing will be settled. You're a foolish girl, and don't know the world—go, go.

Donna Ang. I wish I could always obey you, sir, with as much pleasure as I do at present. [*exit*]

Don Gas. Aminta—I want you to talk to her a little. I sent for you on purpose to wean her from her romancing. You know something of the world, and can instruct her on that point.

Donna Am. Truly, sir, I think it very strange, when the object of both sexes in affairs of love is to make fools of each other, that she should find fault with a ready-made one. I'll go and give her a lecture immediately—poor thing! she is very ignorant—quite a natural in these matters. [*exit*]

Don Gas. Madcap! 'tis the great fault of modern education, to allow familiarity between parents and children. That silly fondling and familiar caressing which some permit, only tends to undermine authority: A parent should keep up his dignity, that's my plan; yes, yes—that's the only way to govern a family properly, never to allow any freedoms, any sort of—

enter PERTILLA, crossing the stage, and singing.

—Holla! mistress!

Per. Bless me! sir! how you frightened me!

Don. Gas. Pertilla, I want to speak to you.

Per. Yes, sir.

Don Gas. Pertilla, I believe you have some little influence with my daughter. You know this match that I'm bringing about; I want you to talk her into it. The smallest grain will turn a scale.

Per. Very true, sir.

Don Gas. I intend to make you a handsome present on the wedding-day.

Per. Sir, you may depend on my doing every thing in my power.

Don Gas. Ay—that's right. You're an honest girl, Pertilla, and I shall remember you. [*exit*]

Per. Ah! will you so, old frumpy! I'm tired of this restraint. That I should be obliged to truckle to an old fool like that! I feel the spirit of gentility in me already. I had almost a good mind to answer him flatly. Well, I shall soon be free; let me see the letter again. I'm glad to get in a quiet corner up stairs—the noise and vulgarity of the servants are quite annoying. (*reads*) "From the slight views I have had of your charms, I find myself—"

Donna Am. (*without*) Pertilla!

Per. Yes, ma'am.—What a worrying! whereabouts was I?

Donna Am. Pertilla!

Per. Here I am, ma'am.—Oh! "I find myself—"

Donna Am. Pertilla!

Per. The deuce take your squalling! I'm a coming, ma'am.

enter donna AMINTA.

(*Pertilla tries to hurry the letter into her pocket, but drops it*)

Donna Am. Why Pertilla, where are you, child? there's my cousin Angelica has finished her novel, and wants to go to bed to dream it all over.

Per. I'll be with her directly, ma'am. [*exit*]

Donna Am. I can't bring her to confession, but as

certain there's a lover in the case. Heigho! I don't know what's the matter with me to-night. I'm in a most unaccountable humor—I could laugh and cry at the same time. The wind blows right from England—that's the reason I believe. Fal de ral, fal de—heigho! ha! ha! I can't help thinking of that impudent fellow I met on the Alameda—Christoval d'Olvredo, I think he called himself. Of all the—hey; what have we here? (*takes up the letter*) a letter! “To Donna Angelica de Souza”—a man's hand too! it would almost serve her right to read it, for her carelessness. What nice paper it is—perfumed too, I think. I should like just to take a peep at the name—only to—hey! what! “Christoval d'Olvredo!”—“raptures at our interview”—“agony at your absence!”—oh, lord! how dizzy my head is! the sly demure creature! she's in a fine way, corresponding with young fellows. Don Gaspar shall know this, I'm determined. An intriguing—hypocritical—artful creature! I'll go and tell don Gaspar directly.

enter PERTILLA.

—Where's your master, girl?

Per. Ma'am!

Donna Am. Where's your master? I say.

Per. My master, ma'am! my master's gone to bed.

Donna Am. Gone to bed! how unlucky! I shan't be able to get a wink of sleep to-night now.

Per. (*aside*) What the deuce can have become of it! I certainly must have dropt it.

Donna Am. This girl must be in the secret;—come here, child. What are you looking for?

Per. I've lost my thimble, ma'am, somewhere.

Donna Am. Pshaw! never mind, I'll get you another. Come here, Pertilla, I want to speak with you.

Per. Yes, ma'am.

Donna Am. (*aside*) No, no; I had better not either, till don Gaspar knows it. Go to bed, child; go to bed—what do you do sitting up so? (*aside*) yet I mayn't get so good an opportunity again. Stop—stop—here—here. (*Angelica calls Pertilla without*) The deuce take it! go

about your business, child ; go about your business—
don't you hear your mistress call ?

[*pushes Pertilla out, and exit*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I—*the street before don Gaspar's house—night.*

enter don CHRISTOVAL and MIGUEL.

Don Chr. Ay, this is the temple of my divinity. I must take another look at it before I go home to bed, that I may have it more perfectly in my dreams. What a blockhead was I to forget my guitar !

Mig. I have a jews-harp here in my pocket, if your honor can make any thing of it.

Don Chr. Ha ! a light in that room ! the shadow of a woman too ! if it should be her !

Mig. If the shadow of a woman throws my master into such raptures, lord have mercy on him should he see the substance !

Don Chr. Faith, I'll try to draw her attention. (*throws a pebble at the window*) Some one approaches. egad, it opens ! (*Pertilla opens the window and lowers a rope-ladder*) Hey, what's this ! a ladder ! it is, by Jupiter ! so—so—here's something going on. I'll mount, by the powers ! fortune favors the brave. Up I go !

[*exit in at the window*

Mig. Egad, he has mounted the ladder sure enough, and ten to one but gets turned off. Well, before I'd venture my neck for a woman, I'd see the whole sex in the red sea. He has made good his lodgement ; ay, ay, the lady, I suppose, is accustomed to these sort of surprises. To see what impudence will do ! now my cursed modesty always frightens the women. When I'm inclined to take a few innocent freedoms with them, I'm put down at once with their—fy, mr. Miguel ! sir, I beg you'd remember who you speak to. Pray, fellow, keep your distance, if you please ! who do you take me for ?

(sings) Four holy friars went trotting away,
 To kiss the great toe of our vicar ;
 But, though they rode fast, yet, wondrous to say,
 They were all overtaken by—liquor !

—Hey ! who the deuce have we here ? another of your ladder gentry, I'll be bound. You're too late, my friend ; all full—no room inside—you must be content to be an outside passenger. Softly, though. [retires

enter don DAPHNIS, a handkerchief tied over his head, and wrapt up to a ridiculous extreme, and several serenaders.

Don Daph. This way, senors, this way. I protest the air is chilly, though I have two cloaks and immoderate love to keep me warm. Senors, are you tuned ?

Fiddlers. Yes, your honor.

Don Daph. Then cock your bows, present fiddles, and fire away. (a short symphony played) Ay, that will rouse the attention of the adorable creature. Methinks I see her start from her downy couch, while the sweet strains fall upon her beauteous ears. Perchance now—ravishing idea ! at this very moment my image may occupy her thought ! now, senors, pour forth the incense of love.

SERENADE.

Hark ! the nightingale's amorous call—
 How sweetly it melts through the grove !
 Oh ! catch the soft notes as they fall,
 And breathe them again to my love.
 Yes, breathe but the passionate strain,
 No words can more meaning supply,
 And so full is my bosom of pain,
 I can only but utter a sigh.

Don Daph. Heigho ! extremely well performed. I protest very affecting and tender. And yet methinks, senors, I would have wished you had touched upon her beauty a little—compared her eyes to the stars, or to—to—hum ! to a couple of suns—something neat and striking—such as one sees in the magazines.

Seren. Sir, we could have selected one for you, if we

had known your taste ; but that style is quite out ; we have no call for them—this is the newest and most fashionable.

Don Daph. Oh ! well, seniors, call on one to-morrow, and I'll discharge my obligation to you. [*exunt serenaders, &c.*] I wonder if my angel heard it. Who knows but that she may be peeping at me behind the window curtain. I'll—hey ! what's here ?

Mig. (looking in) The deuce take him !

Don Daph. A rope-ladder !

Mig. I wish twas round your neck.

Don Daph. There must be some design on foot—perhaps to rob the house. Yes, yes, there must be something—I'll alarm the family.

Mig. Will you so ? then, egad, I have nothing for it but to assist you. (*runs on exclaiming*) Murder ! murder ! thieves ! watch ! ho ! murder !

Don Daph. Lord have mercy on us ! what's the matter ?

Mig. The matter ! murder ! murder ! murder ! you've made a mummy of me, scarified every bone in my body, and dislocated all my muscles. (*collars him*)

Don Daph. Holla ! watch ! ho ! murder ! murder !

Mig. Murder ! murder !

enter six of the WATCH.

1st Watch. Who cries murder there ?

Mig. } (*both speak together*) Here ! here !

Don Daph. } (*both speak together*) Here ! here !

1st Watch. Where's the villain ?

Mig. Here, I have got hold of him.

Don Daph. St. Peter and the saints preserve me !

1st Watch. (holds up his lantern to don Daphnis) What, master, are you nabbed ? ay, ay ! I know you for all your disguise.

Don Daph. Mercy on us !

1st Watch. Call up don Gaspar—he's a corregidor. (*2nd watch knocks at don Gaspar's door*) Is your worship much hurt ? (*to Miguel*)

Mig. I'm more frightened than hurt, I believe.

Don Daph. Santa Maria ! what a rascal !

1st Watch. Send for a priest, he's a-going to confess.

(don Gaspar looks out of a window)

Don Gas. Who dares to make a disturbance at this time of night ? some gentlemen of the university, I suppose. Go home to your beds, young men, go home to your beds. Fy ; fy ! you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

1st Watch. Please your worship, here's a murder committed.

Don Gas. A murder ! bless my soul ! where's the murdered person ?

Mig. Here I am, please your worship.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar, I beseech you not to believe him.

Don Gas. Who is it that speaks ?

Mig. Please your worship, it's Martin Vega, who broke open the cobbler's stall the other night, and stole the poor man's awl, and a gentleman's sole that was swelling.

Don Daph. Tis false, don Gaspar, tis false. I protest I am an honest gentleman of Galicia, baptized and known by the name of Pedro Fernando Diego Daphnis. Having succeeded lately to some property left me by my uncle Perez Zambulo, who was the king's *stankero*, so please your worship, I am come to Salamanca to study natural philosophy, as your worship may be further certified of by applying to Pedro Allum, the baker in the *Calle Mayor*, where I lodge.

Don Gas. Wait there till I come down.

[exit from the window]

Mig. Come, my friend, you had better confess at once, it will save a vast deal of trouble ; and if, as you say, you're a gentleman, you'll show your breeding by civilly complying.

Don Daph. Rascal !

1st Watch. Why, look'e masters, as I take it, it an't against law for one gentleman to murder another, that is, as I may say, in a gentlemanly way.

enter don GASPAR, disorderly drest.

Clear the way for his worship.

Don Gas. Where are the parties ?

1st Watch. An't like your worship, that's the gentleman as complains of being murdered.

Mig. No, senor, I dont complain of being murdered. If I had met with any damage, I should look on it as honorably and meritoriously obtained in defence of your worship's property.

Don Gas. Ha ! what do you mean, senor ?

Mig. My head is so bamboozled, and my ideas stirred up, that your worship will excuse my not being clear.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar, I beseech you not to listen to him.

Don Gas. Peace !

1st Watch. Silence in the court !

Mig. About one o'clock this morning, no I'm wrong, it couldn't be above half past twelve, as my master and I were going soberly home, we saw three men attempting to brake into your worship's house.

Don Gas. Bless my soul ! to break into the house !

Don Daph. What will become of me !

1st Watch. Truly your worship will be hung. Flat burglary by the mass !

Don Gas. Peace there, peace ! proceed, senor.

Mig. This fellow here—

Don Daph. How, rascal ! will you dare—

Don Gas. Stop his mouth.

Mig. I say this fellow here, disguised as your worship observes.

Don Gas. Ay, ay—his very appearance condemns him.

Don Daph. Holy saints !

Mig. He had just fixed a rope-ladder against a window ;—your worship may see it there still.

Don Gas. Preserve us ! so there is, indeed ! nay—that's incontrovertible.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar ! don Gaspar !

Don Gas. Stop his mouth, I say.

Mig. He was just mounting when my master, drawing his sword, rushed forward and plucked him down. Thereupon the two others set upon my master, and I set upon them, till my master being hard pressed, ran up the ladder and sheltered himself in that room.

Don Gas. In that room! why zounds! that's my daughter's.

Mig. Well, there he is, depend upon it, your worship, or may I be pillored for perjury. But now the storm's over, I'll let him know he may come out of port. Don Christoval! don Christoval! senor! senor! master! senor! ah! he's afraid to appear.

Don Daph. Don Gaspar, on the word of an honest man, this is all a trick.

Don Gas. That we shall soon see.—Here, Angelica! Angelica! daughter Angelica! (*Angelica appears at the window*) Angelica! where is the gentleman who got in at the window?

Donna Ang. The gentleman, sir! what do you mean?

Don Daph. Ay—ay—you see now.—Blessings on her!

Don Gas. I know the whole story—dont be afraid, there's no danger now—desire him to come down.

Mig. Ay, ay—senora—my master may come down now—the coast is clear.

Donna Ang. You seem, sir, to have little value for your daughters's reputation, by this public accusal. You must excuse me if I decline exhibiting myself. (*she leaves the window*)

Mig. (*aside*) Curse the jade! she's an old hand at it.

Don Daph. You see, don Gaspar, you see.

enter don ALONZO.

Don Alon. What ean this be?

Don Gas. I feel staggered, I must own. Allow me to ask you a question or two.

Don Alon. A crowd at this time of night! don Gaspar too! ha! what, Miguel!

Mig. Ah! what don Alonzo—is it you? oh! sir, you are come by in the very nick of time.

Don Alon. What is the matter?

Mig. My master, sir, has got into a serape.

Don Alon. Where is he?

Mig. In that room, sir.

Don Alon. Ha! in that room!

Mig. Hush! hush! I beg of you. An intrigue, sir, that's it. You know my master pretty well, I believe,

sir. The short and the long is, that old gentleman's daughter and he, having a particular regard for each other, and wishing to have a little friendly chat, have got together in the young lady's bed-chamber. The old fellow has got scent of it, and I want to get him off snugly.

Don. Alon. Then she's false. Deceitful—perjured—abandoned woman!

Mig. Hey-day!

Don Gas. I don't know what to make of it. (*to Miguel*) You see, senor, my daughter denies his being there.

Don Alon. Sir, you are deceived—your daughter deceives you. She is deception itself.

Don Gas. Hey! pray, sir, who are you?

Don Alon. The most wretched being on the face of the earth.

Don Gas. Some madman!

Don Alon. Sir, I will be candid with you. You thought by the sternness of authority and rigid care to shackle the inclinations of your daughter. Your precautions have been vain. I would to heaven you had been doubly vigilant. But I renounce her—I throw her off—I have done with her for ever. Take her—keep her; let your walls be rock, and your doors iron—guard her as you would your gold, and then you may chance to preserve her constant and dutiful. [*exit*

Mig. Mad! mad!

Don Gas. Some poor creature escaped from his keepers. There is a mystery hangs over this affair. Gentlemen, till this matter is properly investigated, I must be under the necessity of detaining you.

Don Daph. Sir, I have no objection, so that I can be conveniently accommodated for the night. I am somewhat subject to the rheumatism, and don't like changing my bed.

Mig. Certainly, your worship, the affair does look rather suspicious, I must confess; but the fact is as I say. Here—ay—here stood the rogues—I could make oath to their footsteps. There, as it might be, stood my master. My master, as I said before, runs up the ladder, and left me to be pummelled; but I, roaring out murder—you, mr. Watch, can bear me out there,

1st Watch. The gentleman speaks truth, your worship. Ay, senor, I can make oath you said you were murdered.

Mig. You say right, my honest friend. I, roaring out murder, comes up suddenly, *thus*, to this villain (*to don Daphnis*)—trips him up, *thus*, whereupon the rest ran away—*thus*. [runs off]

Don Daph. Oh ! lord ! oh ! lord !

Don Gas. Mercy on us ! what is he gone ? pursue the rascal—pursue him there. [2d watch exit] Are you hurt, my good friend ?

Don Daph. Oh ! lord ! oh ! I believe my back is broke. (*the watch assist him to rise*) Softly, kind gentlemen, softly.

1st Watch. Ay ! marry, your worship must be hurt indeed, for he has knocked out a whole row of your teeth.

Don Daph. Where are they ? where are they ? I was afraid the rascal had picked my mouth of them.

Don Gas. Senor, I think I may trust you at large ; but, if your deposition is required, I shall expect your appearance. See the gentleman home, watchmen.

[exit into house]

Don Daph. I thank your worship. If ever I go a serenading again, may I be—softly, kind gentlemen, softly.

[exeunt]

SCENE II—an apartment in don Gaspar's house.

enter ANGELICA, don CHRISTOVAL, and PERTILLA.

Per. It is impossible, ma'am, for the gentleman to return the way he came.

Don Chr. Pray, madam, dispose of me as you think fit. I value not my safety, so that your reputation be not injured.

Per. There is no chance but through the garden.

Donna Ang. Run then, and see if the way is clear.—[exit Pertilla] As you have professed yourself a gentleman, sir, and declare this singular intrusion to be owing to mistake, I have saved you from a discovery which might involve us both in difficulty.

Don Chr. Madam, I would make a thousand acknowl-

edgments for your kindness, if I had time. As to apologies, upon my soul I can't express a regret I don't feel, for, to say the truth, I was never better pleased with a disappointment in my life.

Donna Ang. Hold sir, do not presume on my lenty. If you conceive lightly of me from the manner you obtained admission, be assured you wrong me. Could I unfold myself to you, I am sure you would confess it; but I must rely on your honor—and, as I have admitted your professions, consider myself entitled to the same credit.

Don Chr. May I never again be cheered by the sweet smile of a woman, if I libel you in word, thought, or deed. No, madam, I swear by this fair hand——

enter PERTILLA.

Per. Oh! ma'am! ma'am! the whole house is roused. Don Gaspar is coming up——

Donna Ang. What shall I do?

Don Chr. Cram me neck and heels into a work-box—poke me into a lute case—do what you will with me.

Per. Here, sir, here;—step into this closet awhile. If we can but get the old gentleman away, the street will be quiet soon, and you may then escape.

[don Christoval retires]

Donna Ang. How unfortunate! should Alonzo come too!

enter don GASPAR.

Don Gas. This must be seen into—I'm afraid there's something in it at the bottom.—Why, how now, girl——

Per. Oh! sir—is it you?

enter AMINTA.

Donna Am. Bless me! sir!—what is going on to night? one would think all the families in the street had been seized with a *party spirit*. What is it, sir—a rout or an earthquake? I never heard such a racket in my life.

Don Gas. A racket indeed! first comes a squalling fool breaking other people's rest to procure his own, by a soft appeal to some snoring jade,

Donna Am. I suppose the lady looked out and killed him, for I heard *murder* cried.

Don Gas. Ay, and they say the body is here, so I'm come on an inquest.

Donna Am. Hey!

Don Gas. (to *Angelica*) What say you to the charge, madam?

Donna Ang. What charge, sir?

Don Gas. What charge! why harboring a young fellow.

Donna Ang. Sir!

Donna Am. So, so.

Per. Harboring a young fellow, sir! do you suppose my mistress would be guilty of such a thing?

Donna Am. Who spoke to you, mrs. Pert? answer when you're questioned.

Per. Excuse me, ma'am—I must be allowed to speak—my character is concerned as well as my mistress's.

Don Gas. Your character, you jade! who questioned your character? can't one talk of a young fellow, without your thinking of losing your—character?

Donna Am. Well, but, sir, what do you mean?

Don Gas. Zounds! I scarce know what I mean—there's so much contradiction. I believe I've been asleep, and dreaming.

Donna Am. Then pray relate your dream, sir; possibly I may help you to an interpretation.

Donna Ang. Sir, I beg you will let me know of what you suspect me.

Per. Yes, sir, I beg you will let us know.

Donna Am. Yes, sir, pray let us know.

Don Gas. Why, hearing a riot in the street just now, I got up to inquire the cause. When a gentleman's servant swore, that as he and his master were passing by, they saw three fellows attempting to break into the house.

Donna Am. To break into the house.

Per. (aside) What's all this?

Don Gas. The gentleman—I think the fellow called his master don Christoval.

Donna Am. Don Christoval!

Per. (aside) Don Christoval!

Don Gas. He said they had been attacked by thieves ; but, at last, being overpowered by numbers, the master skipt up a rope ladder, which the rogues had fixed in Angelica's window—

Donna Am. Ay—which the rogues had fixed to Angelica's window.

Don Gas. Yes—and took shelter in her bedchamber.

Donna Am. Took shelter in her bedchamber ! poor gentleman ! hard pressed, indeed !

Per. (*aside to Angelica*) Stand it out bluff, ma'am. This is only a manoeuvre of theirs.

Don Gas. This is one side of the story.

Donna Am. Ay—this is one side of the story.

Don Gas. The fellow had the audacity to charge a respectable old gentleman with being one of the gang—but I suspect he was a rogue himself.

Per. No doubt of it, sir ; the fellow told you a parcel of lies.

Donna Ang. Not a word of truth, sir, I assure you.

Donna Am. Not a word, I'll engage. It's my belief, sir, there's one of the rogues in the house now.

Don Gas. Hey !

Donna Ang. What do you mean, Aminta ?

Donna Am. Mean, madam !—I leave you to guess.

Don Gas. Why what—

Donna Ang. I don't understand your insinuations.

Per. Nor I—I protest. Ma'am, if you suspect me, I beg you'll speak out. I'm prepared for any investigation you please.

Donna Am. No doubt of it.

Per. No doubt of it, ma'am ! no, there is no doubt of it. My character will bear inquiry, as well as my mistress's. Harboring young fellows, indeed ! sir, I beg the favor of you to search the house directly—begin at the cellars, and go up to the garrets.

Don Gas. Hang me, if I know what to think, I'm so bamboozled with their different stories. But I'll come to the bottom of it, I'm determined.

Donna Am. I believe, sir, you may soon do that—you'll not be out of breath with diving.

Don Gas. What do you mean—eh ?

Donna Ang. Yes, sir, ask her what she means.

Per. Yes, sir, ask her what she means.

Donna Am. You had better not be so curious, cousin.

Donna Ang. Say what you please, madam, I am conscious of my innocence.

Per. Yes, ma'am, my mistress——

Donna Am. Hold your tongue, impudence.

Per. (*aside*) Malicious toad !

Don Gas. Well—well, but what——

Donna Am. Sir, I should consider myself criminal if I were to be silent. I am sorry to be obliged to speak ; but I owe it to you, to myself, and even to my cousin here, to disclose all I know.

Don Gas. Well.

Donna Ang. You might have spared the profession of your regard for me.

Donna Am. You may say what you will, cousin ; I shall be satisfied if don Gaspar approves of what I do.

Don Gas. Ay—ay.

Donna Ang. If I really were guilty, your conduct would even then be ungenerous.

Don Gas. Hold your tongue, hussey, hold your tongue. If you had any grace, you would down on your knees and thank her. Aminta, I thank you for your kind concern for me and my family. Never mind her—let me know every thing.

Donna Am. Nay, sir, I can't say I know much—my cousin has been pleased to deny me her confidence—but accident threw into my hands a few hours ago a knowledge of her secrets, which this letter has betrayed—and I am apt to think it will throw some light on what has just occurred.

Per. (*aside*) My letter—as I live !

Donna Ang. (*aside*) What can this be ?

Don Gas. Oh ! the jade ! so mistress, you are discovered at last.

Donna Ang. Discovered, sir !

Don Gas. It won't do to face it out. Who is this don Christoval—who is he, I say ?

Donna Ang. Don Christoval, sir ! I don't know such a person.

Donna Am. Oh ! lord ! oh ! lord !

Don Gas. Not know him ! what, I suppose you mean to deny this letter too ?

Donna Ang. I never saw the letter before, sir, I assure you.

Donna Am. Well, this exceeds every thing !

Don Gas. Here's a brazen-faced baggage for you ! why you—

Per. I can be silent no longer—I can't bear to see her suffer wrongfully. She says right, sir, she does indeed—she never saw the letter before.

Don Gas. Never saw it before !

Donna Am. And pray, madam, how came you to be so well acquainted with the letter ?

Per. Because, ma'am, it's my property.

Don Gas. Her property !

Donna Am. You see, sir, you see. It is vain to contend with such able logicians. It seems, sir, we are in the wrong—the letter is directed to her—yes, yes—we are in the wrong.—

Don Gas. Ay, ay—they are in league I see. This bungling though, shows they are not much accustomed to intriguing. An't you ashamed of yourself, you jade, you who are a chambermaid, to be so awkward in your business ? and you, madam, (*to Angelica*) since your memory is bad, I'll give you time to recollect yourself. I'll lock you up beyond the reach of your gallants—perhaps to-morrow your memory may be clearer.

Donna Ang. Sir, you will find—

Don Gas. Ay, ay, madam, and you will find too. March—march—I'll see you safe deposited where no rake, unless he gets a ladder as long as Jacob's, shall be able to get at you. And you, mrs. Pert, go to your chamber, I shall talk with you too again, and mind, dont attempt to go near your mistress without my permission. March—march, you jade, you.

[*exeunt don Gaspar and donna Angelica*]

Donna Am. Pertilla !

Per. Yes, ma'am.

Donna Am. Come here, Pertilla.—Pertilla, I am greatly shocked to find such impropriety in your mistress's behavior.

Per. Pray, ma'am, dont distress yourself, for I can assure you my mistress is as well conducted a lady as any in Salamanea.

Donna Am. Let me tell you, Pertilla, you are not doing any kindness in concealing your mistress's conduct.

Per. So I think, ma'am, and that makes me always speak in her praise. (*aside*) An artful thing!

Donna Am. (*aside*) A cunning gipsy! she has too good a place in perquisites to betray any thing.

Per. Shall I light you to your chamber, ma'am?

Donna Am. I dont require your attendauce.

Per. (*aside*) I wish I could get her away.—Won't you go to bed, ma'am, now?

Donna Am. I shall go to bed when I please. I have told you already I dont want you.

Per. Yes, ma'am, but I thought——

Donna Am. Dont trouble me with your thoughts. I desire you to leave me.

Per. (*aside*) Perverse creature! (*fidgets about*)

Donna Am. (*aside*) I wont go, as she's anxious to get me away—she has some reason for it no doubt.—I thought I told you to go?

Per. Yes, ma'am. (*aside*) I'll secure him, however, for fear of accidents.

[*locks the closet door, takes the key and exit*]

Donna Am. What made her lock that door? I'm sure something is going on. (*goes to the door*) I'm certain of it. They shan't escape detection though. (*tries the door*) Yes—it is fast.

Don Chr. (*within*) Is all safe?

Donna Am. Ha! a man's voice! so! so!—hist! hist! senor?

Don Chr. Is all safe?

Donna Am. I should know that voice! don Christoval's——

Don Chr. The door is fast. (*Pertilla looks in*)

Donna Am. I have lost the key—try if you can slip the lock.

Don Chr. I think I can—I'll try, however.

Donna Am. I'll confront him, and tax him with his inconstancy.

Don Chr. Ay ! there it is. (*as the door opens Pertilla blows out the light*)

Where are you ?

Donna Am. Who's that ? bless me ! what shall I do ? don Gaspar ! don Gaspar ! uncle ! uncle !

Pertilla runs to don CHRISTOVAL as he enters—leads him out—returns and exit.

I shall die with fear ! will no one come ? thieves ! thieves ! don Gaspar ! don Gaspar !

enter don GASPAR, GERONIMO, and servants with lights.

Don Gas. Bless us all ! what's the matter ?

Donna Am. Oh ! sir—I am ready to expire with fright—a man has just broke out of that closet.

Don Gas. A man ! ha ! search every nook—we'll soon find who it is.

[*Geronimo and servants exeunt different ways*

Donna Am. This is your daughter, sir, who knows nothing of the world.

Don Gas. The jade ! I have been too mild—too indulgent with her.

re-enter GERONIMO, &c.

Have you found him ?

Ger. No, your worship, he was too nimble for us. He escaped out of the window.

Donna Am. He must be well acquainted with the place to make his retreat so ably.

Don Gas. He shall find it not so easy to return though ! curse these young chaps, I shall not be able to get a wink of sleep to-night. Geronimo, examine the house carefully, and then bring me a pipe to my chamber. [*exit*

Ger. Yes, your worship. (*aside*) It must be some poacher, for he's not licensed by me.

[*exeunt Geronimo and servants*

Donna Am. I'll be satisfied whether this was him, I'm determined. [*exit*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I—the street.

*enter don ALONZO and PERTILLA.**Per.* Nay, sir, but will you listen to reason?*Don Alon.* Have I not my senses perfect? can I not see—can I not hear?*Per.* Upon my word, sir, I have some doubts of it. I have been a full quarter of an hour telling you a plain matter of fact story, and all I can say makes no impression on you.*Don Alon.* No, no, return to your mistress; tell her I have had full evidence of her guilt; I disclaim her—I give her up for ever.*Per.* Was there ever any thing like you! sir, I give you my honor that the gentleman who was in my mistress's room last night, is a perfect stranger to both of us. I have told you the whole affair. We heard, as we supposed, your signal; the ladder was lowered, when up sprang a stranger. My mistress screamed, and I fell into hysterics. The gentleman, for so he certainly is, I never saw a civiler man in my life, confounded at his reception, fell on his knees, swore he had mistaken the house, and made fifty apologies in a breath. He would have returned the way he came directly, but a riot in the street prevented him. My mistress fearful of her reputation, and humanely cautious of hazarding his life, concealed him till the danger was over.*Don Alon.* And you expect me to believe this? no, no, this labored tale only strengthens my conviction. I know more than you imagine, and am not so easily deluded. Go—go to your mistress—tell her she has wounded a heart that beat only for her, which knew no joy but what she inspired, and can never throb with anguish more piercing than what she has inflicted.*Per.* Sir, I solemnly declare——*Don Alon.* I act from no sudden impulse, no start of passion, no jealous whim. I have weighed every cir-

cumstance, and find the result too overwhelming to allow of doubt.

Per. Dear, dear don Alonzo; on my knees let me entreat you not to persist in this madness.

Don Alon. I would, Pertilla, my eyes had never been opened.

Per. I take heaven to witness——

Don Alon. Pertilla, Pertilla, your attachment to your mistress carries you too far.

Per. May I never stir from this spot if——

Don Alon. Pray let me have no more of this.

Per. And you won't hear me?

Don Alon. No—no.

Per. (*suddenly rising*) Then you're a barbarous, unfeeling monster! I see how it is—you're tired of your wife, and you want to get rid of her—you do—I see you do. You're a brute—I can call you nothing else—you are—you are—but, dear don Alonzo, now, you surely must be joking—you don't intend to use my poor mistress so cruelly?

Don Alon. Ah! Pertilla; heaven alone knows how it cuts me to the soul. I loved her—loved her! I love her still, false as she is, too—too warmly. The passion can only be rooted from my heart by tearing away the soil where it grows.

Per. Then why this obstinate refusal to do her justice? you shall see her if it be in the power of a mortal. I'll compass some scheme to bring you together. The count is not arrived, so there is yet time. If there be faith in dreams, you will come together at last in spite of crasty fathers, and busy bodies of both sexes, when all these petty difficulties and jealous whins, will serve you, as they ought to do now, to laugh at.

Don Alon. Mistaken the house! a poor excuse to devise!

Per. Sir!

Don Alon. Her reputation, too! there seems something of consciousness in the fear of its injury.

Per. Are you dreaming, sir?

Don Alon. What were you saying, Pertilla?

Per. Come, sir, what kind soothing message shall I

bear to my mistress? poor dear lady! she needs some consolation.

Don Alon. Alas! I can afford her none. If she has the least degree of feeling, the sight of me—the very mention of my name must wound her.

Per. If they do, sir, they carry their cure with them. Only try, sir, what effect your name will have on her at the bottom of a sheet of paper. A few soft words will cost you no trouble.

Don Alon. I have given you my determination already.

Per. Is it possible, sir, you can be in earnest?

Don Alon. I wish to be left alone.

Per. Then you will neither write to her or see her?

Don Alon. Never more.

Per. You're a vile hypocritical monster! shame, shame on you, to treat a poor fond woman in this barbarous way. I could tear your eyes out, I could. If you had the least atom of manhood in you, you couldn't treat a sweet creature so unfeelingly. But tis the way with you all—I'll never trust a man again as long as I live. (*going*)

Don Alon. (*aside*) I like this ebullition of feeling. Here, Pertilla!

Per. Well, what do you want?

Don Alon. Your affection for your mistress, however undeserving she might be, pleases me greatly. Here, take this purse—it is a poor acknowledgment of my feeling. Though participating in your mistress's guilt, I like your fidelity to her.

Per. Do you, sir? then I'll take care not to offend you—take your trash—I scorn it as much as I do yourself. [*exit*]

Don Alon. Surely the girl would never be so outrageous in the defence of her mistress if there were not grounds for her exculpation. Pshaw! these women are so full of artifice. Yet if the story should be true! I have done wrong to refuse to see her—I have acted too hastily. No—on reflection I have done right. At least she must be guilty of levity, and this expression of my resentment will teach her to regulate her conduct in fu-

ture. Yet may it not rather tend to put her on her guard? yes—I have acted too hastily—I should have avoided extremes.

enter don CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Ha! Alonzo!

Don Alon. He here!

Don Chr. Why, how now, don, you seem serious? are you moralizing on the death of a fly or an emperor, the changes of a caterpillar, or of fortune?

Don Alon. (*aside*) Let me be cool—I'll learn the truth before I arraign him. I beg your pardon, you were observing something.

Don Chr. Yes—observing *you*. Upon my soul you're grown a queer fellow of late. Why zounds! you used to be the soul of a party, but now, so far from being the soul of any thing, you seem as if you wanted one yourself. Come, confess, who or what hath worked this change—Venus or Minerva—the old maids of Parnassus or the young ones of Salamanca?

Don Alon. Is it so strange a thing for a man to be serious?

Don Chr. Why, faith, I hate to see young fellows solemn and stiff, like the stalking figures in a dutch clock. Besides, in the hey-day of youth the blood circulates so fast and merrily that no care can stick long on the heart. What's not natural must be affected. For my part I'll not dam up nature, it shall flow freely.

Don Alon. Too freely, I fear, sir.

Don Chr. Pshaw! now you're beginning with your wisdom. Let me tell you that to be prematurely wise is contrary to the course of nature, which hath properly made every thing progressive. A calf with two heads is not a greater monster than a young philosopher. For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, don't run into the folly of appearing wise.

Don Alon. It is a folly you never will be guilty of. I heard of your adventure last night, sir.

Don Chr. Ay! faith—I was near caught.

Don Alon. Well, sir, how do you like donna Angelica on better acquaintance?

Don Chr. Better acquaintance!

Don Alon. Ay—sir, your man Miguel——

Don Chr. Pshaw! he's a blockhead. No, sir, it was not her I saw.

Don Alon. Not her?

Don Chr. No.

Don Alon. (*aside*) Plain enough, she has tutored him.

Don Chr. I suppose it might be her sister or her cousin.

Don Alon. (*aside*) Her sister or her cousin! yes, yes—they have agreed on this.

Don Chr. But whoever she is, she's a devilish fine girl, and I don't know but I might have been tempted to be rude, if that cursed fracas hadn't obliged me to go off. Hey! can that be—yes, egad it is—excuse me a moment, will you? there's a young fellow I want to speak with. [*exit*]

Don Alon. He is alarmed, and has broke away to avoid my questioning. It is indeed too clear. Pertilla, in the warmth of her temper, has disclosed more than they meant me to know, and their clashing evidence affords the clearest proof of the fact.

enter a MAN with a letter.

Man. That's he, as the lady pointed out, I think. Pray, sir, ben't your honor don Christoval d'Olvredo?

Don Alon. Christoval D'Olvredo?

Man. A lady in the street axed me to give you this here, if so be that you be.

Don Alon. Let me see it—a woman's hand! yes—yes.

Man. Oh! then my humble service to your honor. [*exit*]

Don Alon. It is not her hand, but how easy it is to feign. Yet, now I look at it, there is something similar. Pray, my friend—ha! is he gone? what can I do? shall I be the courier to her intrigues—tamely hand over to a rival the declaration of my ruin? (*as he speaks he opens the letter*) shall I—what have I done? pshaw! I carry my delicacy too far—my situation warrants their breach.

Ha! it is! it is—oh! faithless—faithless woman! (*reads*) “If the danger you incurred last night has not cooled your courage, meet me to night at the gate leading to the garden.” Abandoned creature! lost to every sense of feeling and propriety. What treachery in nature, to hide such deformity under so engaging an exterior! here is one whose face seems the index of every virtue, but the modest blush that so sweetly mantles on her cheek, the enchanting smile that illumines her features with such lovely lustre, the heavenly cadence of her voice, the bewitching elegance of her manners, where art appears so delicately to have tempered nature—all—all are but semblances, and like the attraction of the fabled Lamia, deceitful lures. The tender, the diffident Angelica, to be thus bold and intemperate! I’ll strip her of the veil that shrouds her vices—yes, once more I’ll see her—she shall meet a lover of a different temper than she expects—false—perjured—worthless—abandoned woman! [*exit*]

enter AMINTA.

I hope the man gave him the letter. I am sure it was him. I shall be able now to determine whether he has really met Angelica. Ha! bless me!—there he is again—coming this way too. (*puts down her veil*) He sees me. What shall I do? it would look odd to hurry away as if I wanted to attract his notice by my fears.

enter don CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Her figure, I’ll swear.

Donna Am. There will be more propriety in staying.

Don Chr. Pray, madam, can you be so obliging as to direct me to—

Donna Am. No, sir, I can’t indeed.

Don. Chr. (*aside*) Egad, it is—yes, madam, you can. You stand like a sign post on the road to happiness, and whoever looks at you must know the way.

Donna Am. Pshaw!

Don Chr. If the simile is a bad one, madam, tis no wonder. My mind is so concentrated just now, that it cannot send its faculties abroad for comparisons.

Donna Am. Pray, sir, don't waste your time and compliments upon me. I should thank you also to be less free. I beg, since your mind is so domestic, you will keep your manners at home also.

Don Chr. My manners, madam, are regulated by my heart. The channel between the heart and the tongue, which, in most people, is closed up, has been left open in me, so that my expressions are conveyed direct from the organ of feeling to the organ of utterance.

Donna Am. Yes, sir, but as you are accustomed to speak with great rapidity, it no doubt will often happen, that words may slip out of your mouth before you have time to annex a meaning to them.

Don Chr. Faith, madam, if meaning cannot be gathered from my words, my eyes, the best annotators in the world, can assist with explanatory notes. I am not ashamed of the charge, men always talk nonsense when in love. But the language of the heart, like the learned tongue of China, consists chiefly of signs—so my sweet senora—(*endeavors to take her hand*)

Donna Am. Sir, this is a freedom I cannot allow.

Don Chr. Nay, now my dear donna Angelica.

Donna Am. Sir, donna Angelica!

Don Chr. Ay, you see I have got your name. (*aside*) She can't have got the letter, surely, by her surprise.

Donna Am. (*aside*) It is impossible he can mistake me—I'll prove it however. (*lifts her veil*) Let me undeceive you, sir, that you may no longer squander your speeches.

Don Chr. True, madam, for now I can use no faculty but sight.

Donna Am. (*aside*) Does he jest?

DON GASPAR *enters behind.*

Don Chr. Thou fairest object that I ever viewed—

Donna Am. So the charm is broken?

Don Chr. No, madam, but the sentiment having been confined in my bosom ever since I first beheld you, took the opportunity of my tongue being at leisure to make its escape. Yes, thou charming—

Donna Am. Softly, sir, softly, you are too forward. I have some preliminary questions to demand.

Don Chr. As to my forwardness, madam, the magnet might with equal propriety censure the steel. Ceremony was only invented to conceal insincerity; indifference keeps within it, while true feeling overleaps it.

Donna Am. By that rule then you would have shown more gallantry in taking no notice of me.

Don Gas. (*comes forward*) I am entirely of your opinion, madam.

Donna Am. Ah!

Don Gas. I beg, madam, you won't be alarmed, I am not going to use any ceremony. Pray, sir, will you allow me to ask who the devil you are?

Don Chr. Who am I, sir?

Don Gas. Yes, sir, who are you, sir?

Don Chr. Sir, I am——your most obedient. [*exit*

Don Gas. An impudent puppy! (*looking after him*)

Donna Am. (*aside*) How unlucky! just when I had an opportunity.

Don Gas. So, madam, you are philosophically inclined, and hold conversaciones in the street with the students? zounds, what an intriguing set are these women!

Donna Am. What, sir, dont you know him?

Don Gas. Yes—yes, though I dont know his name, I can tell his genus and species—a fool and a fop. But it needs no great skill to tell that—you may point your finger blindfold down the street, and not be out when you say—*there's one*.

Donna Am. True, sir; formerly fools were so rare, great families kept them as a sort of curiosity, but now the breed is so common they overrun.

Don Gas. Ay, ay, and I am glad on't on one account; the women have now such choice of fops, that monkies are quite out of fashion. But pray, mistress, where did you pick up that pretty biped?

Donna Am. I, sir! why, that's the very identical, quixotical, would-be son-in-law of yours—don Christoval d'Olvredo.

Don Gas. Eh! that don Christoval!

Donna Am. That's the man, or the fop, if you please. I don't exactly think him a fool—he seems to have some share of sense and observation.

Don Gas. Ay, ay, and he shall find I have observation too—a dog! I'll watch him. But how the devil came you to be so intimate with him? why, I heard him making downright love to you here.

Donna Am. Love! ha, ha! men pamper oxen that they may eat them. Soothing me with a little flattery to lure me into partnership in his designs on your daughter—that was it, sir. Lord, sir, you have no idea how the man pursues me—there's no walking the streets for him—this is the third time I have met him.

Don Gas. Indeed!

Donna Am. Indeed.

Don Gas. An impudent rascal! I'll tell you how to prevent his troubling you again in the street.

Donna Am. How, pray?

Don Gas. Don't stir out.

Donna Am. Ah! a notable way truly!

Don Gas. To tell you the truth, Aminta, I think you go too much abroad. I don't like this gadding at all—it's not fit for a young woman like you to be always abroad.

Donna Am. Oh, lord, sir! I shouldn't live four and twenty hours if I was immured.

Don Gas. If you want exercise, there's a swing in the garden—battledore and shuttlecock—skipping ropes—the devil on two sticks—cup and ball, and fifty other little moving diversions.

Donna Am. Ah! it isn't mere mechanical motion—the mind—the mind, sir, must be engaged.

Don Gas. You may have what books you please, child.

Donna Am. No, thank'e, sir, I have done drilling my faculties and must employ them on active service. Books indeed! no, no, no transcripts for me—give me nature at first hand—I'll see and hear for myself. One may as well be without eyes, or ears, or tongues, or any thing unless one uses them.

Don Gas. Why, zounds! hav'n't you a looking glass, a waiting woman, and a parrot? this is your Madrid edu-

cation! what would you have done, you jade, had you been born in Turkey?

Donna Am. Why, if I couldn't have got out, I should have——staid in, and hit upon some expedient to bring the mountain to me, as I couldn't go to the mountain; just as the disconsolate donna Hilaria Dolorosa contrived to amuse herself with her grief, when a report came that her husband was killed.

Don Gas. What did she do?

Donna Am. Shut herself up in a chamber with a *camera obscura*, and consoled herself with observing the passengers as they cast up their eyes in compassion at the closed window shutters.

Don Gas. Ha! ha! a diverting scheme!

Donna Am. So it might have proved, but, while gazing at the figure of a cavalier prancing by, she saw the shade of her husband cross the street and knock at the door.

Don Gas. Oh! lord! it must have shocked her very much.

Donna Am. Very much indeed—she never recovered the fright.

Don Gas. Ha! ha! but zounds! come along—here are some young fellows coming. The streets are crammed with a parcel of lounging puppies with faces smothered in whiskers—come along—you're under my care at present, and I'll answer for no woman that's not under my eye, or lock and key. What are you looking behind for? come along—come along, I say. [*exeunt*

enter don DAPHNIS, and a BOY with books.

Don Daph. Hugh! hugh! the devil take damp nights, easterly winds, and assignations! Pedro!

Eoy. Yes, your honor.

Don Daph. Where are the lozenges?

Boy. (*offers a book*) Here, your honor.

Don Daph. You block-head—did I ask for logarithms? oh, I have them about me. Hugh! hugh! I protest I shall be too late for the lecture. I must be more attentive to my studies, or I shall get reprimanded by my tutor, Pedro.

Boy. Yes, your honor.

Don Daph. Where's my book of exercises?

Boy. I've forgot it, your honor.

Don Daph. You little blockhead, go about your business. (*beats him off*) I shall certainly have an imposition. My tutor says I'm too giddy, and don't pay attention to my studies—hugh! hugh! he calls me a hair-brained fellow—hugh! hugh!—he says I've too many pranks about me. I must take up—that's certain—hugh! hugh!

enter GERONIMO.

Ger. Ay! there he is—I thought I heard his cough.

Don Daph. I shall be too late for the lecture.

Ger. Your worship! your worship!

Don Daph. Hey! who's that?

Ger. Senor don Daphnis! senor!

Don Daph. What, Geronimo?

Ger. I am glad I have met your worship. I was just coming.

Don Daph. Then you may go back again. Sir, I shall not be misled any more by your pander tricks. You ought to be ashamed of yourself—an old fellow like you to have to do with such things!

Ger. Good lord! your worship.

Don Daph. I am not such a young hand as you take me for. This amour has cost me already some pistoles, besides a sciatica and a lumbago. I have determined to have nothing more to do with it.

Ger. Will your worship allow me to ask you one question?

Don Daph. Well, be quick then.

Ger. If your worship was running a race would you give in just when you came in sight of the goal.

Don Daph. Yes—because being short sighted, I could'n't see it till it was close to my nose.

Ger. Ha! ha! your worship is a wag. A word in your worship's ear.

Don Daph. In the other one if you please. for I've a cold in my head.

Ger. My mistress has determined to run away from her father.

Don Daph. And so have T—from her.

Ger. But your worship, she has bade me settle it all with you.

Don Daph. Eh?

Ger. Your worship must know that my master, don Gaspar, has locked her up, and I am the only one trusted with the key. My young lady, fearful of her father's anger, has prayed me to assist her escape. Now I have so planned that your worship shall meet her as a friend of mine, and convey her to the Convent della Trinita, where she would take refuge.

Don Daph. Is there no danger in the case? that father of hers is a confounded gruff old fellow.

Ger. Bless your worship, you may carry her off as easily as I could pocket a pistole.

Don Daph. Ham! I dont like your night rambling; besides, it looks prodigiously like rain.

Ger. As your worship pleases—I know a gentleman that——

Don Daph. You're sure there's no danger!

Ger. None in the world, your worship.

Don Daph. An affair of this kind will bring reputation. Well, Geronimo, I think I'll venture.

Ger. You have only to be about dusk at the garden gate——

Don Daph. Ay! ay! tell my fair angel I'll be with her—dont let it be after night fall, Geronimo, for the dews fall very heavy. Bless my soul! though—tell my charmer her knight shall not fail her—I'm dying for her—tol de roll—tol de—hugh! hugh! [exunt don Daphnis

Ger. Dying for her! true—for you've got an asthma in her service already. So, this is arranged—ay! ay! leave me alone for plotting. My young mistress has been begging of me to let her escape to the convent—the old don and she may manage that as they please—I satisfy both parties, and do an act of kindness. Pertilla's affair comes on next, and this letter I trust will settle it. Oh! here comes my friend Miguel.

enter MIGUEL.

Mig. Ha! old gentleman—whither tottering, to vespers or the vintner's?

Ger. Ah! senor Miguel, you must always have your joke. Well—well. I love one myself, and have cracked a few in my time.

Mig. Ay! your jokes are generally cracked, and won't hold together.

Ger. Ha! ha! you are merry, senor, you are merry.

Mig. Yes, I've been buying some mirth, and have half paid for it.

Ger. Half paid for it!

Mig. Ay—I got a flask of wine from a vintner, and paid him for it, and I shall get into a scrape presently, and pay for it again. But I say my old cock, have you got us an answer yet?

Ger. Truly, your master is an impatient lover. I have been looking for you all day.

Mig. What, to give it me?

Ger. Why, I've known in that time half a ream of letters written and answered.

Mig. (*aside*) I must proceed *socratically* I see—the common way won't do.—Pray, senor Geronimo, allow me to ask you a question or two.

Ger. Well, senor.

Mig. Do you know if your mistress has been writing a letter to day?

Ger. Yes.

Mig. So.—Who was it to?

Ger. To your master.

Mig. Yery well, I get on.—Who did she give it to?

Ger. To me.

Mig. That's right. And pray where is it?

Ger. Here. (*gives a letter*)

Mig. Socrates, I thank thee!—this shows the benefit of learning, I should never have got the letter from him if I hadn't known logic.

enter don CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Why, Miguel, where the deuce have you been?

Mig. Oh! sir, is it you? (*to Geronimo*) Pull off your hat—pull off your hat and make one of your best bows,—sir, I have the honor to present to you, senor Geronimo Babosillo, secretary for home affairs to don Gaspar de Souza, one very much at your honor's service, and who is highly ambitious of being distinguished by your favor.

Ger. Your worship's to command.

Don Chr. Senor Geronimo. I am much your debtor, pray do me the favor to accept a small recompense. (*gives money*)

Ger. I humbly thank your worship, and wish your worship, a very good day.—(*aside*) He'll make a charming son-in-law. I'll pay him back his own money for a portion. [*exit*

(*Miguel gives don Christoval the letter*)

Don Chr. A letter from her! yes—"Angelica de Souza." She was too modest to speak her sentiments. Um! let's see—(*reads*) "the garden gate to night."—So, so—compliant enough. Faith, this angel of mine is a woman. "Trust your honor." Yes yes—to be sure. "And though you may"—(*Miguel, during the above, follows his master's motions, and pries familiarly over his shoulder—don Christoval here turns and sees him*) your servant, sir. Pray what may your opinion be of this letter?

Mig. Why, truly, sir, since you ask me, I must be allowed to say, I think she who wrote it is, as you observe, devilish easy.

Don Chr. So then, you impudent rascal, you have read it. (*draws his sword*)

Mig. I read it! good lord!

Don Chr. Kneel down, sir, this moment.

Mig. Sir, I am short-sighted and couldn't see a word of it.

Don Chr. Kneel down, I say.

Mig. Oh! lord, sir! you wont be so barbarous? there—there—pray be calm, your honor. Oh! lord! oh! lord!

Don Chr. Swear, sir, that you will never betray any thing you have heard or seen, to injure the reputation of her who wrote this letter.

Mig. I do, sir, I do. I'll forget every word of it, I assure your honor.

Don Chr. If ever I find you divulge a syllable, I'll have no mercy, but make a martyr of you to the cause of curiosity. [*exit*]

Mig. Phoo! this weather's as hot as the dog days. I never was in such a stew in my life. [*exit*]

SCENE II—*don Gaspar's house.*

enter ANGELICA, GERONIMO, and PERTILLA.

Ger. My master is out just now, so you may have a little longer talk together.

Donna Ang. Well, but Geronimo, have you considered my request?

Ger. Yes, my lady, I hav'n't the heart to refuse you. I have settled it all. A friend of mine, an elderly man, is to meet you in about an hour hence at the garden gate, and will convey you to the convent. I shall be ready to let you out if possible. The worst of it is, he is somewhat fond of tippling, and is then mightily given to strange fancies.

Donna Ang. I hope you cautioned him to be sober?

Ger. Oh! yes, my lady. But I must run down to be in the way, in case don Gaspar should come.—(*to Pertilla aside*) Your fortune's made, you jade. [*exit*]

Per. Ah!—upon my word, ma'am, I can't but applaud your resolution—I didn't think you had so much spirit. Make your escape by all means; but as to your place of retreat, I don't much relish it, I must confess.

Donna Ang. Since Alonzo is false—every thing—every place is indifferent to me. A convent is the only sanctuary I can fly to. Within its holy walls I shall be secure from every disturber—except memory.

Per. Ah! the best of it is, you never see those false perjured wretches, men. But then, as you observe, ma'am, one will be apt to be disturbed by the thoughts of them sometimes. For my part, though I should dislike nothing so much in a convent as their odd dresses, I'm sure I never saw any thing so unbecoming. One would think

such a number of women shut up together might set their heads to work, and contrive something better than those queer out of the way things.

Donna Ang. Heigho!

Per. Dout be cast down, ma'am—things may turn out better yet than burying oneself alive. No—no—I'm sure I'll never suffer you to commit such a sin—I hope to be able to prevent it.

Donna Ang. You!

Per. Hem! I say nothing, but if ever it should happen—I say, if ever it *should* happen, ma'am, that I have it in my power——

Don Gas. (*without*) No—no—I'll go myself.

Donna Ang. Heavens! my father! fly, Pertilla, before he sees you.

Per. I fly! no indeed, ma'am, you must excuse me. Let him come—I'm only doing my duty, and I'm not afraid.

enter don GASPAR.

Don Gas. So, mistress, pray are you——heyday! madam! (*to Pertilla*) you here? I thought I ordered you not to go near my daughter?

Per. Well, sir, suppose you did?

Don Gas. Suppose I did! why, then, madam, I expected to be obeyed.

Per. Why then, sir, you see you're mistaken. I was hired to wait on donna Angelica, not on you.

Donna Ang. Fly! fly! Pertilla.

Don Gas. What do you mean, you jade, by this language to me?

Per. (*aside*) Hang the old fellow! I dont mind him. I shall be above his anger soon, and I'll speak my mind freely.

Don Gas. Answer me, I say. What do you mean by this style of speaking?

Per. Sir, my style of speaking is sufficiently intelligible. I spoke plain purposely, that I might not be above the level of your capacity.

Donna Ang. Pertilla!

Don Gas. You saucy jade!—you impudent baggage!

zounds! if it wasn't that you wore petticoats, I'd knock you down.

Donna Ang. Pray, sir, forbear.—Pertilla, I am surprised at you.

Per. Oh, ma'am, I thank you, I want neither ally nor mediator. I like to see old men in a passion—it circulates their blood, and does them a vast deal of good. As to my petticoats, sir, they shan't prevent your magnanimous designs, for I'm a follower of the fashions, and wear none.

Don Gas. Hussy! hussy! hussy!

Donna Ang. Sir, I beg of you not to mind her.

Per. Yes, yes, sir, I beg, you wont mind me, and then we shall be on an equal footing.

Don Gas. I shall choke. Get out of my house, hussy, get out of my house.

Per. I intended it, sir, in an hour, but, to oblige you, I'll go sooner.

Don Gas. Out of my house, Jezebel, impudence personified.

Per. Ma'am, I shall hope for the pleasure of seeing you——

Don Gas. No parleying, hussy, no parleying. Out this moment.

Per. Sir, your servant.

Don Gas. Oh! madam, I shan't part with you, till you're fairly out.

Per. Sir, I beg you will not give yourself this trouble.

Don Gas. Away, you saucy jade, you paragon of chambermaids.

Per. Ha! ha! ha!

[*exit—don Gaspar following in a rage*

Donna Ang. This behavior of Pertilla's is so strange, she certainly must have some design in it. Yes—it must be so. She may perhaps have drawn him off, to favor my escape. The passages are all open; it is a favorable moment, and I fear my father may be instigated by his rage to confine me more closely. My heart almost fails me, but if I hesitate, I may be lost. [*exit*

A C T IV.

SCENE I—*a garden-wall and gate—night.**enter don ALONZO.*

'Tis about the time. Night throws her veil over the face of nature, and shields crime and riot from the daunting light of heaven. What folly is it to run myself thus on the stake! why do I seek what will only render me miserable? yet the assurance of my wretchedness will confer a partial happiness. Oh, Angelica! Angelica! object of my earliest wishes, my latest sighs; with what transport have I hailed the moment of our meeting, and now, alas! I tremble at every footstep, lest it should be thine. (*music behind*)—What was that?

(*music is heard mellowed by distance—after a short symphony, the following stanza is sung*)

In vain, ye envious winds, ye bear
Our music from the sleeping fair,
Kind echo saves the fleeting strain,
And waits it to her ear again.

Don Alon. Some lover happy in his mistress's smiles. Ah! season of joy, where no cloud o'ershadows, but a sigh can dissipate!—he comes this way! [*retires aside*]

enter don CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Hang the time, how it creeps! I'm sure all the clocks in Salamanca are too slow.

Don Alon. 'Tis Christoval!—he must be accustomed to the haunt.

Don Chr. I'm always so confoundedly impatient—that's the worst of me. When I go a journey, I'm never easy till I get to the end of it. When I begin a book, one sitting brings me from the title-page to the finis. When I hear a sermon, I'm on the fidgets till it's over. Some fellows now will take these things very coolly—will carefully note you the memorabilia between every milestone, dog's-ear a book with fifty different readings, and quietly

doze through a sermon till the amen comes, like the great bell at an old mansion, and wakens them out of their sleep.—Ha! what was that?

Don Alon. The gate moves! be still—be still, my heart!

(Angelica appears at the gate)

Don Chr. Tis her, by Venus! hist! hist! senora!

Donna Ang. (comes forward) Is it you, senor?

Don Alon. Tis her—tis her! I am petrified—my blood is frozen.

Don Chr. Yes, my Angelica, tis I.

Donna Ang. Let us haste then.

Don Alon. (rushes forward) Stay—stay—perjured, abandoned woman!

Donna Ang. Oh! heavens!

Don Chr. Alonzo!

Don Alon. Stay, till you see the just resentment of an injured husband hurled on your paramour. *(draws his sword)*

Donna Ang. Alonzo! Alonzo! for heaven's sake forbear. You are deceived—you are deceived. *(hangs on him)*

Don Alon. True—true—I am—I am deceived. Oh! Angelica! Angelica!

Don Chr. What can this mean? why, Alonzo——

Don Alon. Ha! that voice rouses me. I will not be unmanned. Away—away—thou specious sorceress. Guard yourself, sir.

Don Chr. Hey!

Donna Ang. What madness possesses you?

(Amintha appears at the gate)

Don Chr. He has had a hard run upon his head, for he seems out of his wits.

Don Alon. Am I taunted—ridiculed! unhand me woman—*(breaks from Angelica)* sir, you shall learn whether I be serious or not. *(pushes at don Christoval—Amintha rushes forward, and holds him)* Ha!

Don Chr. Say you so, then——

Donna Ang. (holds don Christoval) Forbear senor.

forbear, whoever you are—fly this moment, I entreat, I command you fly.

Don Alon. No, madam. no, your paramour shall not escape me—(*struggles with both the women*)

Donna Am. Fly, senor, fly.

Don Chr. Ladies, I must beg to be excused—I can't fly, unless one of you angels carry me with you.

Don Alon. I am the sport of them. Well, sir, well—the women are your safeguards now, but I shall find a time——

Donna Ang. Stay, Alonzo. Will you not hear me?

Don Alon. Hear you! I have listened to you too long, insidious woman. This heart—this aching heart is my testimony. I have broke your chains secure as you might think them. Though lacerated with the struggle, and torn with wounds so deep seated, they never can be healed. Go—go—falsest of thy sex—impose on those who know thee not, I have done with thee for ever. [*exit*

Donna Ang. Alonzo! Alonzo! barbarian! this must be premeditated cruelty—Alonzo! Alonzo! [*exit*

Donna Am. Angelica! she is gone! what can this mean? whither can she be fled?

Don Chr. Is it you, madam?

Donna Am. For heaven's sake, sir, fly after her and save her.

Don Chr. What, that other lady? where, madam, where? I know as little about her as you do. All I know is I know nothing.

Donna Am. You can be no gentleman, sir, to refuse assistance in this extremity. I'll fly myself rather——

Don Chr. Oh! oh! for mercy's sake, madam, dont leave me—(*slips his handkerchief round his leg*) oh! oh!

Donna Am. What's the matter?

Don Chr. Alas! madam—I would readily have executed your commands, but—oh!—I am desperately wounded.

Donna Am. Wounded!

Don Chr. My strength fails me, that I can scarce——(*reels towards Aminta, and leans on her*)—oh!

Donna Am. Good heavens! let me run for assistance.

Don Chr. No, madam, no—I would rather die here

than you should be discovered. Your reputation is dearer to me than life.

Donna Am. Your life! is it so serious?

Don Chr. Alas! madam, I fear so. But yet if I were to die now, your reputation might be more endangered.

Donna Am. I care not what concerns me, so that I can save you. I'll dy this moment——

Don Chr. Ah! madam, if you leave me, I shall cease to exist. Life will ebb at once, when its sweetest solace is away.

Donna Am. What shall I do? dearest don Christoval—I am so confused I know not what I say;—what can be done?

Don Chr. If you would permit me, madam, only to lean on you, I think I could manage to crawl to my lodgings, which are near. It is dark, or I would sooner die than expose you—oh!

Donna Am. For heaven's sake then come—I scarce know what I am about—I am terrified to death—pray do not delay. Nay—nay—lean on me.

Don Chr. Oh! a thousand thanks, my sweet generous angel—oh! [exeunt

enter PERTILLA.

So, here I am at last, and tis well I am. I never was so frightened in my life. I have fought my way through crowds of uncountered shophoys and brainheated students, (*Geronimo appears at the gate*) To be sure, a genteel looking figure out alone at this time of night is enough to——

Ger. Hist! hist! Pertilla!

Per. Hey! who's that?

Ger. (*advancing*) Is it you, Pertilla?

Per. Oh! sir, is it you? I protest I thought it was don Christoval.

Ger. What, is he not come?

Per. I am but this moment come myself—I'm sure I thought I should never——

Ger. Bless my soul! we must march, girl, we must march. This is no place for us now. My young lady has escaped, and don Gaspar is on the alarm.

Per. My mistress escaped !

Ger. Yes, but—ha ! what if—I have it—I have it.

Per. Hey ! have what ?

Ger. A scheme, you jade, a scheme ;—ay ! ay ! mine is the head. Look'e—don Christoval takes you to be donna Angelica—ten to one but he has heard of her escape—now you shall fly to him directly—declare what you have done was for him and claim his protection. My head to a barber's block but he snaps at the opportunity, whips you off, red-hot, to some matrimonial forge, and gets a clever workman of a friar to rivet you together before any thing can be discovered.

Per. Hum ! but——

Ger. No *butting*—no *butting*. Now or never—come along, I'll show you where he lives—there's no time to lose.

Per. Lord ! sir—I tremble so—

Ger. Zounds ! come along—every thing must out soon, and then we're done for. One must use one's wits, child, in this world, and cheat in one's turn, in order to gain an honest livelihood.

Per. But only think, sir—

Ger. Only think ! only act. I plan—you execute—leave me to think.

Don Gas. (*without*) Have you searched the garden ?

Ger. Zounds ! there's don Gaspar ! away—away.

Per. I wish I had never—

Ger. Come along—come along. [*exeunt*]

enter from the gate, don GASPAR and servants.

Don Gas. I heard a noise here but now—she must certainly have gone this way. Ha ! I think I see a figure stealing along yonder—yes, it approaches ;—softly, softly—lay close. (*they move back*)

enter don DAPHNIS.

Don Daph. Hugh ! hugh ! how the night air catches one's breath. That's the worst of my impatience—I have forgot my lozenges. Hugh ! hugh ! I can't speak without a hugh ! hugh ! I protest though I feel wonderfully lively—would the charming creature was come.

Don Gas. (aside) Who have we here ?

Don Daph. What a flaming paragraph will this affair make in a newspaper. When I enter a party I shall be saluted with an universal—"that's him." Then as I walk the streets, the damsels will be quarrelling with each other for a peep through the lattices, while the duennas down with their veils, and hurry home with their charges, like a brood of chickens from a hawk.

Don Gas. (aside) I should know that voice !

Don Daph. Hey ! what was that ? it's plaguy dark—I dont much like the place. What's that moving !—*(don Gaspar motions the servants to advance)*—I'm sure I heard something breathe.

(goes on tiptoe to a corner, don Gaspar, &c. advancing to encircle him, stumble against each other)

Don Gas. Where is he ?—who's there ?

Don Daph. (aside) Oh ! lord ! oh ! lord ! what shall I do !

Don Gas. Guard every avenue, and be on the watch—some one is here, I am certain ;—whoever it is, they shan't escape us.

(they grope about—don Daphnis holds a pocket handkerchief to his mouth, and appears laboring with a cough—at last he bursts out—)

Don Daph. Hugh ! hugh ! hugh ! oh lord ! oh lord ! hugh ! hugh ! hugh !

Don Gas. Ha ! here he is. *(they bring him forward)* who are you, sir, and what are you doing here ?

Don Daph. Sir, I am a student of the university, and am come here to—hugh ! hugh ! hugh !

Don Gas. Oh ! sir, is it you ?—I suspect this fellow.—Look'e, sir, this is the second time I have found you hovering about my house suspiciously.

Don Daph. Sir, it is hard a gentleman can't take the air—

Don Gas. Take the air, sir, you came, sir, to take my daughter. You are in league, sir, with don Christoval—confess, sirrah, confess.

Don Daph. Sir, I dont understand this treatment. I am a gentleman, and I expect—

Don Gas. A gentleman, sir, a gentleman! this may be a plan to make me lose time. Here, put this gentleman in the dark cellar, and keep him secure till I return.

Don Daph. Sir! sir! hear me a moment—

Don Gas. Confess all you know, sir.

Don Daph. I will sir, I will.

Don Gas. Ah! where is she? where is she?

Don Daph. Indeed, I dont know, sir.

Don Gas. Zounds! sir, do you banter me? yes, yes, this is a scheme to detain me;—take him in—take him in.

Don Daph. I'll never have any thing more to do with her.

Don Gas. So—so—then you are in the plot—in league with don Christoval? where has he taken her to, sir—hey?

Don Daph. I protest to you, sir, I know nothing of don Christoval. I was only to have taken her to the nunnery.—

Don Gas. Hey! to the nunnery! to the nunnery! bless my soul! who knows but—take him in—take him in—there's no time to lose. I'll find her before I sleep.

Don Daph. Oh! lord! oh! lord! the devil take the women—I'll never look at a petticoat again.

[exunt don Daphnis with some of the servants]

Don Gas. Here, you Perez, run for an alguazil, and follow me to the nunnery. I'll find her if she be in Salamanca. *[exunt]*

SCENE II—a street.

enter ANGELICA.

Donna Ang. I am bewildered in the maze of the streets and know not which way to turn. Cruel—cruel Alonzo! what can have perverted thy nature thus? the sacred obligation he has entered into, entitles me to his protection, and not to demand it in this exigence may only strengthen the delusion that misleads him.

enter MIGUEL.

Mig. That flask has given me a proper degree of as-

surance. I'm ripe for a frolic now. If breaking lamps and hamstringing watchmen wasn't out of fashion—

Donna Ang. Senor !

Mig. The deuce take the girls, they're always at one. A fine figure, like me, is sure to attract 'em.

Donna Ang. Senor !

Mig. (*mimics*) Senora ! come here you little baggage !

Donna Ang. What shall I do ?

Mig. If you're Daphne, I'm Apollo—come here I say. (*catches hold of her*)—Pray, my dear, what style of beauty are you ?

Donna Ang. Sir, I must beg—

Mig. Beg—you little vagrant ! what, with that pretty face ? there's sparkling peepers for you ! I suppose, by your nightly rambles, the commissioners for lighting contract with you for the use of them ?

Donna Ang. Let me go, fellow.

Mig. Fellow ! you're looking at the lace on my doublet ? it's a masquerade habit, my dear.

Donna Ang. Whoever you are, sir, I intreat you to release me. For heaven's sake, let me go. Oh ! Alonzo ! could you but see your Angelica now !

Mig. Hey ! Angelica ; zounds ! now I remember the very voice I heard last night from the window—my master's mistress.

Donna Ang. Will you not release me ?

Mig. First, senora, let me gain my pardon. If I'm not confoundedly mistaken, you are donna Angelica de Souza ?

Donna Ang. Does he know me !

Mig. Dont be alarmed, senora, you're near friends. You expected to meet some one to-night ?

Donna Ang. What ! can this be the person Geronimo appointed ! how, sir—

Mig. Geronimo and I settled matters—I am in the secret—but mum—I'm a man of honor.

Donna Ang. Tis he senor, I am Angelica de Souza. My situation is singular, but I cannot now explain—I admit your apologies, on condition you convey me to the *Calle Mayor*—do you know one don Alonzo de Nunez ?

Mig. Know him ! ay—as well as I do myself.

Donna Ang. That is fortunate. Lead me then directly to his residence.

Mig. What to *his*? to don Alonzo's!

Donna Ang. I tell you to don Alonzo's. Lose not a moment, but away.

Mig. Well, senora, I'm at your service. (*aside*) I'll take care, though my master shall have the refusal of her.
—This way, senora, tis but a few steps. [exunt

enter don ALONZO.

Don Alon. Fool that I am—why do I suffer myself to be thus moved! rise—rise—proud heart, and shake off this bondage. No more shall this Angelica—the very name is magic and enthrals me. Oh! woman! woman! the solace and the scourge of life! by thee man was first blest, and first undone. Pshaw! pshaw! I'll think of her no more. Not all her borrowed looks of angel sweetness, nor the repentant agonies of foiled hope shall move me. Vengeance alone be mine—this moment let me—Christoval may be guiltless, though she be treacherous; I must know all. One turn more to fortify my soul, and then to find him. [exit

enter don GASPAS, and servants.

Don Gas. I thought the rascal was deluding me—not at the nunnery. No—no—she's not ghostly inclined. That rascal don Christoval must have her. I'll find her if she be in Salamanca before I rest. They tell me he lives in this street; knock at every door till we find it. Away—away— [exunt

SCENE III—*don Christoval's apartments.*

enter MIGUEL and ANGELICA.

Mig. Here we are, senora. It's well you met with me. I wait on don Alonzo, and having the key in my pocket, we've got snugly in, and not a soul the wiser.

Donna Ang. I thank you, and must request you will farther oblige me by endeavoring to find him.

Mig. I'll go directly and see—

Donna Ang. Am I secure from intrusion?

Mig. If your ladyship will step into the library, you'll be secure enough. It's a sort of sanctum sanctorum—no one ever goes there.

Donna Ang. Yet stay—I particularly desire you will not mention my name to don Alonzo; frame some excuse, if possible, to bring him hither directly, but do not give him to understand I am here.—Alas! that a name which once had such charms for his ear should now prove so discordant.

Mig. This way, senora. [*Angelica exit into a back room*] She's for an agreeable surprize I see. I believe she's right. I've often found the steam of the cooking spoil my appetite. (*exit, but returns hastily*) Dish me! here's another lady coming up stairs. What a gourmandizer my master is! I'm afraid I've been too provident—too many turtles. I'd better though for fear of accidents lock up this one. (*locks the door*)

enter PERTILLA.

Per. The door was open, so—ha! is that him? no—a servant. Bless me! how my heart beats.—Pray, sir, is don Christoval within?

Mig. No, senora, but pray be seated, he's generally very punctual to his time. (*aside*) A smart jolly looking lass!

Per. What shall I do? I begin to wish I had not been persuaded.

Mig. Pray be seated, senora. (*aside*) She's just to my taste now!

Per. My spirit begins to fail me. I'd better go before he—

Mig. There he is—I hear him. [*exit*]

Per. It's too late—I must go through with it. I never was so flustered in all my life.

re-enter MIGUEL.

Mig. I'll be hanged if he hasn't brought another lady with him.

Per. A lady with him! what shall I do? I shall be discovered! for heaven's sake, senor, let me be gone before I'm seen.

Mig. Bless you! it's impossible—he's coming up—I'd better get her out of the way though—here, senora, here—no place but the bed chamber—step in here—quick—quick. (*Pertilla retires*)

The grand signor is a moderate man to my master.

(*Angelica knocks*)

Donna Ang. (*within*) Senor!

Mig. Hush! hush! (*opens the door*) lay still, here are some strangers coming.

Per. (*peeping*) Is he come?

Mig. Mum! mum!—I'll shut the door. For heaven's sake, senora, keep quiet, here's some young fellows coming up rather mellow, so I'll lock the door. (*locks it*)

Per. Senor!

Mig. Confound it! you'll be seen—I tell you. There's no key to that door. Hist! here they come, I'd better move off and get out of the scrape. [*exit*]

enter don CHRISTOVAL and AMINTA.

Don Chr. One step more, and now—my charming girl, how can I thank you for this tender solicitude?

Donna Am. You seem revived, sir?

Don Chr. Revived, madam, I am past life's limit, and in paradise.

Donna Am. What do you mean, sir?

Don Chr. First, madam, to solicit your pardon for the feint I have used.

Donna Am. Good heavens! is it possible! have you betrayed me hither? but why do I remain a moment—

Don Chr. (*detaining her*) Stay, stay, my fair angel!

Donna Am. Sir! sir! can you have the baseness—

Don Chr. I have only lured you to a place of safety, my sweet girl. The deceit is an evidence of my truth;—even in the glowing moments of rapture I am tempered into discretion by the care of your welfare and reputation.

Donna Am. Release me, release me.

Don Chr. Far be it from me, like savage idolators, to constrain my idol to bless me. (*kneels*) In this lowly attitude, which best becomes me, let me sue for pardon and merit by humility what I dare not otherwise aspire to.

Donna Am. Sir—I, I—

Don Chr. (aside) She's coming, faith! this fustian tickles her ears. Sooner shall the fixed stars—

Don Alon. (without) I must—I will see him.

Don Chr. Hey!

Donna Am. Heavens! some one is coming!

Don Alon. (without) No matter—I must see him.

Don Chr. Be not alarmed, my angel, no one shall dare—

Donna Am. Oh! sir! sir! what shall I do?

Don Chr. Retire, my sweet girl, into this room awhile. (*goes to the door where Pertilla is*) ha! sure I saw some one!—pshaw! the flapping of the curtains.—Here—here—on the faith of a gentleman and a sincere adorer, I will preserve you from every danger.

Donna Am. This is the fruit of my designing! [*exit*

Don Chr. 'Tis Alonzo! his tone seems high too!

enter don ALONZO.

Don Alon. So, sir, you *are* here though you would be denied to me? how guilt weakens the fibres of the soul, and unbraces the spirit. I have known you in the sallies of intemperate mirth, bold as an hungry lion, but now you have an enemy within that shakes your soul, and makes your courage droop.

Don Chr. No, faith, you're quite out there. I confess my soul has been dancing a *seguidilla* for this hour or two, but it has not, as you seem to think, been scared into merriment, like a negro in a slave ship.

Don Alon. Paltry jester! think not to turn the edge of my resentment. This frivolous humor, sir, is ill suited to your purpose. I am not to be trifled with.

Don Chr. Pardon me, my dear fellow, but if you'll go and order a light repast at the next *posada*, I'll come and hear you spout as long as you will. I have a problem in natural philosophy first to solve—

Don Alon. Do you think, sir, this lightness passes on me for the coolness of innocence? sir, I am come on no trivial occasion. You have wronged me in a way that no recompense can soften, or revenge satiate. I come to demand from you the confirmation of my misery and your

guilt. Stand boldly forward—you have a sword beside you—tell me you have knowingly injured me, and then unsheath it.

Don Chr. The almanac's wrong—I see the moon's at the full. My apprehension is like a cart horse—I spur it to no purpose—it only flounders about and blinds me with dust. I'm enveloped in a fog and a storm may clear it, but if you'll have the goodness to postpone your fury awhile, I shall take it as a favor——

“Ni faciat, maria ac terras, cœlumque profundum.

“Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.”

Don Alon. Did I require a proof, his manner affords it. Dastardly traitor! no evasion shall save you. To trifle longer would be to equal your meanness. Draw, sir, draw. Love, friendship, every feeling of regard which once possessed my breast is turned to its opposite, and revenge alone—revenge, warm as the blighted love which calls it forth, now fills my heart.

Don Chr. (aside) His head is turned—I had better humor him.—Come, come, my dear fellow, put up your sword, and let us talk coolly on the subject.

Don Alon. Coolly, sir! tell the wretch upon the wheel to smile. Draw, sir, draw and defend yourself.

Don Chr. Nay then, if you will—

(Amintha rushes out)

Donna Am. Hold! hold! for heaven's sake forbear!

Don Alon. Ha! who have we here!

Don Chr. Pray, madam, don't come near us.

Donna Am. What madness is this?

Don Chr. Stark madness, madam.

Don Alon. Faithless, even in his love,

Donna Am. (sinks into a chair) I am overcome with emotion.

Don Chr. Be not alarmed, my Angelica.

Don Alon. Angelica!

Don Chr. I have a heart and hand ready and able to protect you.

Don Alon. Some new device! again, sir, your female friends have snatched you from my resentment, but no delay can cool it.

Don Chr. Stay, sir, it is my turn to be peremptory.

I have something to insist on as well as you. You are apt, I see, to conceive odd fancies. You may think as you will of me, but if that lady should be your subject, let me recommend temperance. Her situation may give occasion to suspicion, but if any such ideas should rise in your mind, they are rebels to truth and purity.

Don Alon. Oh! sir—I have learnt discretion. I know well neither eyes or ears should be trusted in these cases.

Donna Am. (aside) Surely it is him!

Don Alon. Your servant, madam.

Donna Am. Stay, sir, stay. Is not your name Alonzo?

Don Alon. I believe it is, madam, but I have nearly forgot myself.

Donna Am. Are you not acquainted with donna Angelica de Souza?

Don Alon. Ay—madam, *I know her now.*

Don Chr. Yes, yes, madam, he knows you well enough.

Donna Am. You are mistaken, sir, and, from what I have heard and seen, I believe you are not the only one under delusion.

Don Chr. Hey!

Donna Am. (to don Alonzo) By your voice, sir, you should be the same that was with donna Angelica just now. Where is she?

Don Alon. That gentleman, madam, can best answer you.

Don Chr. What the deuce is this! pray, madam, are you not donna Angelica de Souza?

Donna Am. No, indeed, sir, I am not.

Don Alon. No, no, madam, he knows nothing of you. Why do I suffer myself to be thus played on?

Am. Let me intreat you, sir, one moment stay. I fear I have been the cause of much confusion; and perhaps a candid avowal will not only account for my being here with some degree of propriety, but may tend to clear up some points which appear dark to all of us. You wrote a letter, sir, I think to donna Angelica de Souza?

Don Chr. Ay, madam, to donna Angelica de Souza, for so this Cardenio, here, informed me you were named.

Don Alon. Ha !

Am. Then you intended it for me ?

Don Chr. Yes, madam, but the next time I write to you I shall direct "*to the most incomparable of her sex,*" and then there will be no fear of mistakes. But you did get the letter ?

Am. By accident it fell into my hands. To determine whether it was a mistake or not, I answered it in donna Angelica's name.

Don Alon. But were you not, sir, with donna Angelica last night ?

Am. Ay, sir, locked up in a closet ?

Don Alon. Yes, yes, let him answer that.

Am. Yes, yes, let him answer that.

Don Chr. That I can soon do—I was. But, faith, it was all a mistake. Seeing a light in a window of the house where my treasure lay, my hopes whispered it might be you. I tapped—to my surprise down slid a ladder, which I am now inclined to think was intended for a certain person who shall be nameless. Full of fire and burgundy, up I went at a venture. The swooning and screaming which greeted me I suppose roused the family ; and I should have been caught but for the alertness of the chambermaid, who whipt me off before I could be discovered.

Am. Ha ! can it be ?

Don Alon. And this is fact.

Per. (*rustling out of the room*) Every syllable as I can vouch.

Am. }
Don Alon. } Pertilla !

Don Chr. What the deuce !

Per. I can contain myself no longer, I am so overjoyed. I told you all this, sir, before. I told you so—I told you it was all a mistake. (*a noise without*)

enter MIGUEL.

Mig. Sir, sir ! here's a whole regiment of alguazils thundering at the door. They swear you've stolen a lady, and are come to search for her.

Don Chr. Blockhead, bar the door—fly with me—
what a situation ! *[exit with Miguel]*

Am. What will become of me? what shall I do? I won't go into his bed-chamber. I'm determined.

(runs and tries the library door)

Per. So, so, her ladyship is caught. I thought as much.

Am. Sir, sir! for heaven's sake assist me.

Don Alon. Madam, I—it is locked.

(both push at the door)

Per. I had better shift for myself.

Ang. *(within)* Senor, is it you?

Per. Hey!

Don Alon. *(starts back)* Ha! that voice!

Am. Angelica there! then I am right after all.

(she retires to the other chamber)

Ang. Open the door.

Per. My mistress, as I live!

Don Alon. Open the door, madam!—you are too impatient—I am not gone yet.

Ang. Alonzo! is it you? stay, stay—

Don Alon. I have seen enough.

[exit]

(a noise without)

Ang. Alonzo! Alonzo!

Per. Ma'am! ma'am!

(going to the door)

(Pertilla tries the door)

enter don CHRISTOVAL, don GASPAS, servants, &c.

Don Chr. Sir, this is the strangest conduct—donna Angelica is not here.

Don Gas. I'll be satisfied of that, sir, before I quit the—ha! that jade here! so, so—I am right I see—

Ang. For heaven's sake open the door.

Don Chr. Hey!

Don Gas. Ha! is she there? yes, yes, madam, you shall come out.—Get out of the way, hussy—fastened! force it, force it.

(Amin'ta slips out while don Gaspar, &c. are occupied with the door)

Don Chr. This is the strangest piece of business!—
(the door is opened and Angelica brought out)

Don Gas. So, so, madam—

Ang. My father!—where is my Alonzo, where is he?

Don Gas. Now, sir, now—what have you to say?

Don Chr. Nothing, sir, nothing. I have sent my wits on a venture, and they are not yet returned.

Don Gas. And what have you to say, madam?

(to *Angelica*)

Ang. I am at a loss, sir, how—

Don Gas. Ay, ay! I thought you would have had a tale at your fingers' ends.

Per. No, sir, she need disguise nothing.

Don Gas. Hey!

Per. My lady's innocence I am sure can be fully proved. Speak out, ma'am, I beg of you, and clear yourself.

Don Gas. Here is a jade for you! her innocence, and found in his very house—in don Christoval's own house.

Ang. How, sir! and is this don Christoval's?

Don Chr. Hey!

Per. Ay, ay—I knew there must be some mistake—

Don Gas. Zounds! why do I listen to this! come, madam, you must march.—Sir, your servant—I leave you and your agent there to plot what you please—get my daughter again if you can.

Ang. One moment, sir, let me explain—

Don Gas. No, no, come along.

Ang. Sir, sir!

Don Gas. Come along, you jade.

[*exeunt don Gaspar, Angelica, &c.*]

Per. I'd give the world to speak with her. [*exit*]

Don Chr. What a whirl my head's in! my ideas are as merry, dancing about—stop, stop—there's no need of my soliloquizing—I needn't engross the whole conversation to myself. Which room has she hid herself in? (*goes first to one door then to the other*) madam, madam! not there.—Madam! madam! they're gone—the devil! she's gone to—'sdeath! have I lost her? if so, I have lost myself. [*exit*]

Yet in my breast the vivid feeling reigns,
For still the life of life, my hope remains.

A C T V.

SCENE I—the same.

enter don CHRISTOVAL and MIGUEL.

Don Chr. So, sir, it was you that caused all this confusion?

Mig. Sir, I did every thing for the best, but, upon my soul, unless you favor me with a descriptive list of your female visitors, it will be totally impossible for me to avoid mistakes.

Don Chr. Do you jest, sirrah?

Mig. Oh lord! no, sir—I was never graver in my life. I'm sure you must own, a man that hasn't been in bed these two nights can't have much spirit for jesting.

Don Chr. Confound your officious meddling! (*a knock*) see who that is.—[*exit Miguel*] How cursed unlucky! just when in sight of port to be driven off with such a whirlwind. (*knock again*)

re-enter MIGUEL.

Mig. Ay, ay—patience if you please. Pray, sir, am I to open the door?

Don Chr. What do you mean?

Mig. There's a woman at it. I peeped through the key hole, and, as well as I could see, I think it's the same middle sized young woman that was here—

Don Chr. Let her in, directly.

Mig. Let her in, sir?

Don Chr. Let her in, I say.

Mig. (*aside*) The devil's in my master. [*exit*]

Don Chr. It must be my closet friend—*donna Angelica's* woman. I suspect I owe the pleasure of her company to Miguel also.

enter PERTILLA.

Per. Oh? sir! sir! sir! sir!

Don Chr. Hey! why what's the matter?

Per. Pardon my rudeness, sir—but, do you know any thing of *don Alonzo*?

Don Chr. Not I, faith.

Per. Then you've ruined us all.

Don Chr. The deuce I have !

Per. My poor dear mistress, what will become of her !

Don Chr. Why, what's going on now ?

Per. He's gone, sir, he's gone.

Don Chr. Who gone ?

Per. Don Alonzo, sir, don Alonzo. Left Salamanca before day-break—

Don Chr. Left Salamanca !

Per. Ay, sir, and one of the sweetest creatures of nature's framing, whom nothing but his own rankling fancy could tarnish.—Guilty ! she guilty ! if there's a remnant of paradise on earth—tis she.

Don Chr. Donna Angelica ?

Per. Yes, sir, donna Angelica. They have been married these three months, and this is the end of it. That I should have lived to see this ! for heaven's sake, sir, on with your boots directly and set off after him.

Don Chr. Where is he gone ?

Per. No one knows whither. The rash unfeeling man !

Don Chr. Rash, indeed ! and was it mere suspicion of me——

Per. Your unfortunate mistake of donna Aminta has done it all.

Don Chr. Ha ! then you know——

Per. This is no time for explanation sir ; but I overheard all that passed here—no matter how—I'm a miserable young woman, sir ; but I deserve it all—judgment's come upon me.

Don Chr. Dont distress yourself, my dear——

Per. It's not for myself, sir ; I dont mind what becomes of me. But my poor dear sweet young mistress—it will be the death of her, it will. Had he struck a dagger into her heart, he couldn't have done it more surely. And for what ? mere wild fancies. It was a sin to doubt her. Ah ! sir, but for that unfortunate affair—wasn't it a mistake, sir ? but I'm as bad as him to suppose otherwise ; I know she can clear herself if he was but here ; but he's gone, he's gone, he's gone, and we shall never see him more.

Don Chr. I hope not, from my soul.

Per. For heaven's sake, sir, try to find him ; it's the least you can do to remedy the misfortunes your mistakes have brought on us.

Don Chr. That I'll do most readily.

Per. Heaven grant you may be successful ! for my part I shall never rest till I see him. I'll go to all the posadas, and give a description of his person. Not an acre in Spain will I leave untrod ; and, if I dont find him here, I'll advertise him in all the newspapers in Europe.

[*exit*]

Don Chr. What an unlucky dog am I ! and yet after all, I dont see that I'm so much to blame ; how the dence can a blind man see what he stumbles over ! married are they ? I dont wonder at his jealousy. Happily I can ease him on that score. Yet, surely he can't have been so mad as to—but why do I hesitate ? I may yet find him.—Stop, stop, let me settle my home affairs before I venture abroad. I have jealousy in another quarter to deal with. Donna Aminta, I have got her name at last. That rascal Miguel shall go to her, and clear me—it won't do for me to venture—Miguel ! Miguel ! (*calling*) I'll pen a candid account of my proceedings and request her to cross examine him—Miguel ! Miguel ! I believe she's tolerably inclined to listen to an *éclaircissement*. Where can the fellow be ? why, Miguel—

enter MIGUEL.

Where have you been, sirrah !

Mig. (*yawning*) A—w ! asleep on the stairs, sir.

Don Chr. This is no time for sleeping ; we must be on the alert. I had need to have all my faculties about me.

Mig. Yes, sir—here I am.

Don Chr. Your confounded officiousness has brought me into a scrape, and now you must stir yourself to get me out of it.

Mig. Yes, sir.

Don Chr. You must go to don Gaspar's, and deliver a letter I shall give you into donna Aminta's own hand ; I'll trust no more to others. Give her a faithful account of your—

Mig. (*yawns*) A—w !

Don Chr. Why, you rascal, you're asleep still ?

Mig. No, sir, I'm not.

Don Chr. (*shakes him*) Awake, sir, awake.

Mig. Yes, sir, yes ; I am awake.

Don Chr. Do you think to rest, sir, when you've brought me into such disquiet ?—bring me pen, ink, and paper, into my dressing-room directly, and take care how you execute my orders, or I'll set you into a sleep that shall last as long as the world. [*exeunt*]

SCENE II—*don Gaspar's house.*

enter AMINTA and don GASPAR, meeting.

Don. Gas. Ha ! Aminta, are you there ? why, zounds, I thought I had lost you. Where have you been hiding yourself ? no one could tell me what had become of you.

Amin. Sir, I have been preparing for my journey.

Don Gas. Your journey ! what journey !

Amin. I intend, sir, returning to Madrid directly. My stay in this house is so particularly disagreeable to your daughter, that I can't possibly think of remaining any longer.

Don Gas. Disagreeable to my daughter ! disagreeable to a fiddlestick. I'll not hear of it—I tell you I'll not hear of it—no, no, you're the only one now I can rely on ; I can't part with you.

Amin. Indeed, sir, I can't remain in any house where I'm an object of aversion, and considered as a prying intruder.

Don Gas. Paw ! paw ! your principles and conduct are too nice for her ; she can't bear so near a comparison—that's it. No, no, you never had any secret meetings with young fellows—never carried on clandestine correspondences—never were found shut up in their closets—oh ! Aminta ! Aminta ! I have such a history to relate—you were in bed and asleep, I suppose, when it all happened ?

Amin. I have heard, sir——

Don Gas. Hey ! what, of her running off and being found at don Christoval's ?

Amin. Yes, sir, yes ; I have heard it all.

Don Gas. Only think of that, now ; though I positively forbade any one to speak of it ! if it gets wind, I shall be blown up.—You were right, Aminta, you were right. Don Christoval was the man. And yet, would you believe it, they both of them had the audacity to protest innocence.

Amin. I dont wonder at it at all, sir ; I believe him capable of any thing.

Don Gas. Found locked up in his very lodgings ! can one have any doubt after that ?

Amin. No, sir, I think not indeed. If he were to fall at my feet and swear himself to perdition, I would not believe him innocent ! a base treacherous man !

Don Gas. But what do you think of his—

Amin. Pray, sir, let us drop the subject ; it is not one I wish to dwell on.

Don Gas. I like your feeling, Aminta, I like your feeling. It's a proof of a very amiable disposition to feel this way for one who has treated you so ill.

Amin. Oh, sir—dont think his conduct affects me.

Don Gas. Eh !

Amin. Her conduct—her conduct, I mean—that is—it does affect me—

Don Gas. I see—I see it does. Oh ! the hussy ! to cast such a friend from her ; I can't part with you, child ; I can't part with you. You are the only one I can rely on, Aminta. [exit

Amin. Ah, he little knows me.—Heigho ! pshaw !—what a silly creature I am to think about it. I wont think about it—I won't. No, I'll be perfectly unconcerned—I'm determined. Perhaps it may be as well to stay a little longer here, if it was only to show him how little I think about his conduct. Yes, and I'll try to fall in his way wherever he goes ; I'll stare him full in the face whenever I meet him, and pass by with a dignified air, to convince him that I'm not the least moved by the discovery of his double dealing. Pshaw ! I'll think no more about him I'm determined.

enter GERONIMO, crossing the stage.

I wonder if Geronimo knows any thing about this affair.
Geronimo !

Ger. Yes, ma'am.

Amin. Whither so fast ? why, you have grown quite young again. You are as nimble—

Ger. Ah ! I shall never be young again, ma'am, till I get to my second childhood. Not but, thank heaven, I am well enough for my years. Six score and five next purification : and except a touch of the rheumatism now and then, a dimness in my sight, my hearing rather hard, and a troublesome wheezing sometimes, I have nothing at all to complain of.

Amin. Being out at night is very bad for that same wheezing of yours. Why, now, your ramble last night—

Ger. Yes, ma'am, but I have an excellent remedy—

Amin. I say your being out last night—

Ger. To half a pint of syrup of poppies—

Amin. Yes, yes—I—

Ger. Add half an ounce of guaiacum—

Amin. Well, well, I dont want—

Ger. Let it stand—

Amin. Ay, let it stand—for I cant attend to it now—
a garrulous, tiresome—

[*exit*]

Ger. Hum ! truly a whimsical sort of lady ! I wonder what can have become of Pertilla. I begin to be alarmed. Hey ! what do I see !

enter MIGUEL cautiously.

Mig. Hey ! senor, is it you ?

Ger. What, senor Miguel ! how came you here ?

Mig. Why, seeing the parlor door open, I thought I might come up.

Ger. Why, what do you want ?

Mig. Have you e'er a lady of the name of Aminta in the house ?

Ger. Yes ; what then ?

Mig. Give my compliments to her ; I beg the favor of two minute's private conversation.

Ger. But what ?

Don Gas. (*without*) Geronimo !

Ger. What do you want with her ?

Mig. Mum !

Don Gas. Geronimo !

Ger. Coming, your worship ; any thing about—

Mig. Mum !

Don Gas. Geronimo ! I say.

Ger. I'm a-coming, your worship ; stop here two minutes. I'm a-coming, your worship. [exit

Mig. The old fellow thinks to pump me, but he'll find me as dry as a horse pond in summer. No, no, nothing overflows with me. Let's see, have I got the letter ! ay, here it is—(*takes it out*)—I'm sure it's a wonder how my head is able to do so much business, considering how I've been fagged of late. I may as well, though, rest myself a bit while I can—(*draws a chair forward and sits*)—a constant strain upon one's faculties, with one scrape or another ; not a wink of sleep either these two nights ; it's more than human nature can bear. Why, even a hackney-coach horse is allowed some rest—(*yawns*)—a—w ! a porter to a gaming-house has an easy life to mine ; sitting in a nice snug easy chair, he may take a comfortable nap between raps, and bring himself at last to the habit of—a—w ! opening—the—door—with-out—waking—a—w !—(*falls asleep*)

enter don GASPAS.

Don Gas. A headstrong perverse girl ! I fear I shall never be able to bend her to this match. If so, a nunnery shall be her portion—(*Miguel snores*)—hey ! why, zounds ! what have we here ? a footman at his ease ! what's this he has got in his hand ! a letter—to—to—(*reading the direction as Miguel holds the letter over his knee*)—"to donna Aminta." Donna Aminta ! why, what correspondents can she have got here ! bless me ! I should know the livery—hey ! don Christoval's man ; the very rogue that refused me admittance ! with your leave, sir, I'll take the liberty of looking over your letter—(*takes it gently out of Miguel's hand*)—sure enough ! tis from don Christoval ! hey ! (*reads*)—"from the moment I first met you in the Almeda"—so, so—"never absent from my thoughts"—um, um—"mistook your name"

—um, um—“ donna Angelica’s secret union with my friend don Alonzo de Nunez”—what ! what !—which I presume you must now be acquainted with, has caused her conduct to appear reprehensible ; but permit me to assure you, she is deserving of esteem and confidence. Her being found last night in my lodgings, was owing to a mistake, which my servant can fully explain, if you will allow him to bear testimony to the purity of a character, which I have been the unfortunate, though undesigning, occasion of aspersing.”—What ! what is this ! her secret union with don Alonzo de Nunez ! can this be fact, or a mere !—no, no, it can’t be a trick either. I’m lost in a maze ! this rascal may—stop, stop—not so either. I have it, I have it !—(*goes to the table behind and writes*)—I’ll write an answer in Aminta’s name, and request this don Christoval to come hither directly. Yes, yes, I must proceed cautiously ; I’m beset with stratagem. So—(*comes forward*)—the gentleman sleeps sound—(*slips the note between his fingers*)—there, now he may awake as soon as he pleases.—(*retires, and throws down a chair at the side*)

Mig. (*starts up*) Coming directly, sir, coming di—hey ! where am I ! bless my soul, I’ve been asleep ! where’s the note ? oh ! here it is ! hey ! “ to don Christoval d’Olvredo ! ” what the dence is this ! the devil’s been here, or perhaps the lady herself : it may be, she has been polite enough not to disturb me. Or who knows but I may have kept up a very spirited conversation in my sleep ! I’ve heard of such things. Mine’s a very active head, I know. I’m awake now, however, and have, it seems, completed my business ; that’s enough. Egad, if I find I’m possessed of this dormant active quality, I’ll demand double wages. (*exit*)

Don Gas. (*comes forward*)—you dog, you ; come to me, and I’ll pay you. I don’t know what to think of this ; there may be some design in it. Aminta must certainly know more of this intriguing rascal, don Christoval, than she will allow. My best way is to dispatch her off instantly to Madrid. I shall then have a woman less to deal with, and that’s a great matter in my favor. Oh ! oh ! here she comes !—hem !

enter AMINTA.

Pray, Aminta, do you know one Alonzo de Nunez?

Amin. Sir!

Don Gas. (*aside*) I see she's confused. Be so good as to read this letter.

Amin. (*aside*) What can he mean?—ha! don Christoval!
—(*reads to herself*)

Don Gas. Yes, yes, her guilt is evident. What an intriguing set are these women! from the cradle to the coffin, their whole business is designing; but I'll be a match for them. Well, and what have you to say?

Amin. I can't tell, sir, till my own thoughts return; you've frightened them away. I begin though, to see a little around me.

Don Gas. And what do you think of the prospect?

Amin. Rather hilly, sir; not very plain. This don Alonzo stands at a distance, like an overshadowing mountain, and darkens every thing.

Don Gas. Then you know——

Amin. As little as you do, sir. I told you how don Christoval pursued me; and I suppose, from the style of this letter, which I presume you prudently intercepted, this is some new manœuvre of his.

Don Gas. Hey! a manœuvre!

Amin. I have no doubt of it, sir; it has all the appearance of one. Owing to a mistake, indeed! a likely case. And I suppose Pertilla's being there was a mistake also.

Don Gas. Why, how did you know Pertilla was there?

Amin. How did I know, sir! why you know, sir, I—I told you how I knew. As to don Alonzo, sir, your daughter can soon satisfy you. For my part, I am perfectly satisfied. I want nothing more to convince me; he needn't trouble himself; I can see plain enough through his design.

Don Gas. Aminta, I ask your pardon for my suspicions of you; but I really began to think you were in league with him. Ay, ay, let him design; he'll find his match. Now, what do you think I've done?

Amin. What, sir?

Don Gas. Shown a little of the statesman; written an

answer to this in your name, requesting to see him directly.—Ha ! ha !

Amin. In my name, sir, to see him !

Don Gas. Yes, yes ; and you'll have an opportunity to draw every thing from him.—Ha ! ha !

Amin. I see him, sir ! impossible.

Don Gas. Pooh ! pooh ! there's no impropriety in it when I know it ; and you do it only to serve me. Hey ! can that be him already. Oh ! the fiery spark ! tis but a touch, and he flies up.

Amin. Surely, sir, you wouldn't think——

Don Gas. Not just now, there's no time for it. Do you sound him thoroughly ; I'll go and question Angelica. *[exit*

Amin. A pretty situation I'm in ! I shall have him come with all the audacity of a sanctioned lover, and—it is him sure enough.

enter don CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Confound ceremony when feeling's in the case ; I want no usher. Ha !

Asleep and dreaming as in bed I lay,
Methought an angel stole my heart away :
As with the theft the charming robber flew,
I ran and caught her as I may do—you.

Amin. Softly, sir ; you act the peace-officer rather too naturally.

Don Chr. No, madam, for no bribe can induce me to part with you ; till you are fettered. T'will be a benefit to society to keep you from farther mischief.

Amin. It is evident enough, then, that you pursue me only for the sake of others.

Don Chr. No, faith, madam, my charity begins at home.

Amin. I believe it, sir.

Don Chr. Nay, but it sometimes goes out visiting.

Amin. Yes ; it has a very extensive acquaintance. You see, sir, you throw your wit in the air, and it falls on your own head.

Don Chr. I'm sure, madam, you try my wit by your

riddling. I thought all enigmas had been solved between us.

Amin. Sir, I cannot refrain from telling you, that your visit here was not requested by me. You have been lured here by design; and if you remain, you will have to solve more riddles than you imagine.

Don Chr. Truly, madam, I am too seriously hurt to jest with my wound. That I have been lured here, I am fully sensible of; and yet I voluntarily yielded to the impulsion.

Amin. It is time, sir, I should leave you. Shall I inform don Gaspar, sir, that you are come to wait on him?

Don Chr. No, faith, madam, I must not lose the moment fortune offers me—(*takes her hand and kneels*)—fairest, sweetest, most perverse of women, hear me.

Amin. Most impudent of men, I won't—(*endeavors to get free*)

Don Chr. I love you to distraction.

Amin. I see it; you are out of your senses now.

Don Chr. You have been deluded.

Amin. Sir, I insist——

Don Chr. Nay, now I have an audience, I'll persist, I'll not part with you.

Amin. (*breaks from him and exit*) Then you must run quick.

Don Chr. Faith, so I will. [*exit, after her*]

enter GERONIMO and don ALONZO.

Ger. This way, senor, if you please—I'll inform my master. Who shall I say——

Don Alon. A stranger would see him. [*exit Geronimo*] Yes, I did wrong in leaving Salamanca so abruptly. Though nearer the scene of my misery, I feel more at ease now I have returned. Something is due to the parent of this wretched woman. A confession of the share I have had in her ruin is the least atonement I can render. The share I have had in her ruin! no—the whole weight of guilt is mine. It was I who first lured her from rectitude—it was I who taught her to deceive, and practised her in intrigue.—But for me she still might have been virtuous. Yes, I am the criminal—nor will I meanly fly

the retributive vengeance of an injured and unhappy father.

enter don GASPAR.

Don Gas. A stranger, does he call himself! I believe I know him pretty well.—So, sir—hey! sir, I ask pardon, I thought it had been don Christoval D'Olvredo.

Don Alon. How, sir! don Christoval D'Olvredo?

Don Gas. What, sir, do you know him?

Don Alon. Know him! would to heaven I did not! but let me ask you, sir, are you satisfied of his guilt! yet, why do I ask? have I not had full conviction—have I not seen, heard, detected him?

Don Gas. Detected him! why, what—pray sir, may I request to know who you are?

Don Alon. A wretch, sir.

Don Gas. Hey!

Don Alon. Pardon me, sir, I forget myself, I forget *you*. Selfishly absorbed, I am led away by my own feelings, when I should remember that the object which brought me here was a regard to yours.

Don Gas. Sir, I am obliged to you, and I assure you, you will greatly forward your object by easing my curiosity. Pray be seated, though. (*they sit*)

Don Alon. You may remember, sir, that about a year since, your daughter was saved from imminent danger by a young man who, at the risk of his life, ventured to her rescue?

Don Gas. Well, sir.

Don Alon. From that circumstance, an intimacy grew between your daughter and her preserver, which casual meetings gradually strengthened and ripened into love. His fortune was humble, and your declared intention of uniting your daughter to another, made him hopeless of your sanction. The conscious indiscretion of clandestine intercourse insensibly wore off—he traitorously urged—she lost a portion of repugnance at every interview, till, at last, in an unhappy hour, he stole her vows, deprived you of a daughter, and himself of peace for ever.

Don Gas. (*rising*) Ha! tis true then, and the villain—

Don Alon. (*rising*) Stands before you.

Don Gas. And you, sir, are Alonzo de Nunez ?

Don Alon. What, sir, do you already know——

Don Gas. Too much, sir, too much to find myself thus villanously robbed. What you have stolen, you shall restore. I still have the power of a father, and will use it.

Don Alon. Alas ! sir, how widely you mistake me. I come not as a suppliant—I sue no favor from you—I urge no claim, not even to your pity. Your reproaches I deserve, they cannot be keener than those I feel within. Yes, sir, I have wronged you, and if the agony that now wrings my heart can atone that wrong, you should be amply satisfied.

Don Gas. Satisfied ! what, when I am robbed of my daughter ? but I'll not be robbed. No, sir, my daughter is now in my power, and so she shall remain.

Don Alon. Thank heaven, then, she will yet have a protector. Do not imagine, sir, I come to claim her. I yield up every right, absolve her of every tie.

Don Gas. Ay, ay, sir, I'll take care of that.

Don Alon. If, sir, to part me from your daughter be your desire, it is already gratified, for I here take heaven solemnly to witness that I never more——

Don Gas. Softly, sir, softly. You say you are already married—something more than words must part you.

Don Alon. Bind me with the strongest chains that law can forge ; impend o'er me the direst fulminations of religion—do what you will with me, sir, and yet your strongest security will be found within this bosom.

Don Gas. (*aside*) I had better bind him to this while he is in my power—I'll send for a notary directly.—Since you offer this atonement, sir, I shall take it, and have your renunciation legally drawn. Be so good as to step into this room awhile, and I'll be with you shortly.

Don Alon. I submit, sir, to your pleasure. [*exit*]

Don Gas. Yes, the matter may be arranged yet. Now he has consented to a divorce, I can easily get their vows annulled. The path will then be clear, and I may be able to go on with my design.

enter AMINTA.

Amin. A plague on the man ! he has——

Don Gas. Aminta—here, Aminta!

Amin. Sir!

Don Gas. Here, here—I have great news to tell you.

Amin. News, sir! I know it. Cupid is dead, and Hymen sick of a surfeit.

Don Gas. I believe it, for I've just had it confirmed. Don Christoval says true. Don Alonzo is really married to Angelica.

Amin. Ha!

Don Gas. He has confessed it, and is now in the house.

Amin. Don Alonzo!

Don Gas. Ay; in half an hour I'll tell you more. I have a weighty matter on hand. He has agreed to a divorce, and I'm now going to send for a notary, to draw up a separation. [exit

Amin. They are really married! then all my jealousies fall to the ground; and don Christoval is no traitor!—ha!

enter don CHRISTOVAL.

Don Chr. Have I caught you again! faith, madam, I thought I should never have found my way out of your winding galleries.

Amin. This intrusive familiarity, sir—

Don Chr. For heaven's sake, my dear madam, postpone all quarrels till we can set about them naturally.

Amin. This is no time for jesting, sir; in a short time the happiness of your friend, don Alonzo, will be destroyed, unless you save him.

Don Chr. How, madam!

Amin. You know the suspicions that attach to you. Levity may have misled you; your ignorance of his marriage may excuse you; but whether you have apology or not, I call on you as a man of honor, and as you value the happiness of a fellow creature, to declare whether Angelica is guilty or not.

Don Chr. Not guilty, upon my honor. To doubt her is to defame her. But where is Alonzo? let me fly and declare—

enter GERONIMO.

Ger. I thought my master was here, ma'am. The notary's below.

Amin. The notary ! ha ! a thought strikes me—there's no time to deliberate. Quick, sir, quick ; follow me.

Don Chr. All the world over.

Ger. Tis don Christoval ! I can't make it out. He here, and Pertilla not to be heard of. The clouds are thick, we shall certainly have a storm.

enter don GASPAR.

Don Gas. Is the notary come ?

Ger. Yes, your worship.

Don Gas. Send him hither. *[exit Geronimo]*

Per. (*without*) He is here—I know he is here.

Ger. Pertilla's voice, by st. Peter.

enter PERTILLA.

Per. Where is he ? where is he ?

Ger. Hey !

enter don GASPAR and don-ALONZO.

Per. (*runs to don Alonzo*) Heaven be praised ! I have found him at last !

Don Alon. Pertilla !

Don Gas. Zounds, that jade here !

Per. I have had trouble enough to track you here. heaven knows ; and never will I part with you again, till all is explained.

Don Alon. Explained !

Don Gas. What does she mean ?

Per. But perhaps it is already done, and you are come to claim her who so well deserves you.

Don Alon. Pertilla, the period for deception is now past. Your efforts to save one who is already lost, are weak and vain.

Per. Oh, sir, and do you still persist in your madness ? can you really believe her guilty ; she who has given

such undoubted proofs of her purity and love? are you determined to break her heart?

Don Alon. Cease, cease, unless you would break mine.

Per. I could as soon melt marble with a look. Barbarous, savage monster!

Don Alon. Don Gaspar, I attend your pleasure.

Don Gas. Is the notary come?

Ger. Yes, your worship.

Don Gas. Send him hither. [*exit Geronimo*] And pray, madam, how dare you have the impudence to venture here again?

Per. I dare do any thing, sir, to save my mistress. Heaven knows, I would this moment lay down my life with pleasure, could I but avert the agony that must attend hers.

enter don CHRISTOVAL, disguised as a notary.

Don Alon. 'Tis pity such principles should be so misdirected.

Don Gas. Oh, sir, your servant.

Don Chr. I attend you, sir, at your desire.

Don Gas. True, sir, I sent for you to draw up articles of separation between man and wife.

Per. How!

Don Chr. Sir, I believe I shall execute your wishes satisfactorily. I am constantly employed on cases of that kind. My business lies chiefly in that branch.

Don Gas. You will find pen, ink, and paper, sir, at that table; so if you'll sit down, I'll dictate the terms I would have you throw into form.

Don Chr. Terms, sir! would you have the chain of matrimony entirely filed off, or will you have a link or two left to tie them up with?

Don Gas. Sir, I would have as complete a separation as law can make, or the church can ratify.

Don Chr. Enough, sir, I shan't trouble you to dictate. We have a set form that will do. It shall be done, sir. The names of the parties, if you please? (*sits down and writes*)

Don Gas. Don Alonzo de Nunez, donna Angelica de Souza.

Per. What do I hear! is it possible, sir, you will rush headlong to destruction? can you be so mad—so base?

Don Gas. Hussy, how dare you—

Per. I must, I will speak, sir. If it were the last word I should utter, I affirm before heaven, that my mistress is innocent, and don Alonzo wrongs her.

Don Alon. Would to heaven I did!

Don Gas. It's false, it's false, get out of the house, you jade.

enter AMINTA.

Don Alon. Ha, she here!

Per. Oh! donna Aminta, for mercy's sake intercede for my poor mistress. You know—you must know her to be innocent.

Don Alon. Madam, if you know aught respecting her, I entreat you to disclose it.

Amin. I know too much, sir.

Don Gas. Ay, ay.

Don Alon. Then you know her to be false!

Amin. Pray, sir, dont ask me.

Don Alon. No, no, no, it is not to be doubted.

Per. Oh, injured innocence, between madness and rancor, thou must be lost!

Don Chr. Now, sir, if you please, the deed is ready for signature. You will be so good as to sign, sir, to prove you release don Alonzo from conjugal obligations.

Don Gas. Ay, ay, I'll sign; but let don Alonzo sign first.

Per. (*runs and tries to snatch the deed*) Never, never!

Don Gas. (*holds her*) How now, hussy!

Per. Don Alonzo, don Alonzo, hear me before it is too late.

Don Gas. Sign, sir, sign.

Don Alon. Readily, sir, tis a species of manumission.

Per. I shall go distracted! oh, donna Aminta, can you see this unmoved?

Don Alon. (*writes*) 'Tis done, sir.

Per. Wretched, wretched man!

Don Gas. Now, give me the pen. (*writes*) There!

Don Chr. It will be necessary, sir, if you please, that the lady should hear it read.

Don Gas. Eh!

Don Chr. An essential form, sir, to prove there is no compulsion.

Don Gas. There can be no harm now. And to find him resolved to part, may have a good effect on her. I'll bring her. [*exit*]

Amin. Now, then, my triumph is complete.

Per. Yes, if you triumph in ruin.

Amin. Oh, blind, perverse man, what have you done?

Don Alon. How!

Amin. Look calmly back, review the character of her you have lost, think of the sacrifice she made to pure affection, when she united her destiny with yours; renouncing wealth, rank, and worldly estimation—nay, even the regard of a parent, for one who can thus lightly cast her off, and condemn her.

Per. Ah, sir!

Don Alon. Ha! what am I to understand by this?

Amin. That constancy in women is more perfect than in men. That he who mistrusts lightly, never trusted really. That—

Don Alon. But can I—

Amin. Nay, sir, I have not half gone through my deductions. The sum total, however, is—that you have shown more guilt by your doubts of Angelica, than ever she committed in realizing them.

Don Alon. Is it possible?

Per. Possible! if it were not, I would down on my knees, and pray for a miracle.

Don Chr. I can't hold my tongue any longer—

Don Alon. Ha! Christoval!

Don Chr. Yes, the scape-goat of you all. Here I am, suffering the law for my crimes.

Per. I see it all—I see it all! I could hug him for this!

Don Alon. For heaven's sake explain this. I am like a mariner, who, encircled with fogs, hears the reverberating echo of some unknown shore.

Amin. 'Twill be your own fault, if you dont get safe into harbor.

Don Chr. I'll light a beacon to guide you. Cross-purposes alone have made either donna Angelica or myself appear guilty. All her wanderings were in search of you, and my rogue of a servant, through officious ignorance, brought her to my lodgings under pretext they were yours.

Amin. He declares truth.

Don Chr. Yes, yes, I am serious, I assure you, though I am lighter by a heart than usual.

Per. You hear, sir, you hear.

Don Alon. Could I be but assured of this.

Amin. Oh! rebel to love's power! thou worst of heretics! when faith is so easy and alluring.

enter don GASPAS and ANGELICA.

Don Alon. Yes—yes—it must be so; conviction rushes on my soul.

Ang. Alonzo!

Don Alon. Thou dear, injured creature—how can I atone the wrong I have done thee?

Don Gas. Hey!

Ang. This—this repays it ten-fold. (*they embrace*)

Don Gas. Why, how now! zounds! what's this?

Per. This, sir, is an essential form to prove there is no compulsion.

Don Chr. A sort of sealing and delivery, sir.

Don Gas. I'm abused—I'm cheated!

Don Alon. No, sir, tis I who am cheated; but into a bliss I little dreamt of. I thought her false, as such I rejected her. I find her true—as such I claim and will preserve her.

Don Gas. 'Tis false—she's not innocent. I can prove it. Here, Geronimo! Geronimo!

Amin. (*aside*) What can he mean?

Don Gas. 'Tis well I had him secured—I quite forgot him till this moment. Geronimo, I say!

enter GERONIMO.

Ger. Yes, your worship.

Don Gas. Where is the fellow who I ordered last night to be secured?

Ger. Mercy on me! the poor gentleman is locked up in the cellar; not a soul thought of him.

Don Gas. Bring him hither, directly.

Ger. Yes, your worship.

[*exit*]

Don Gas. Now, sir, we shall soon see what you will have to say.

Ang. Am I to understand, sir, you charge me with any impropriety?

Per. Dout fear, ma'am, we can disprove as fast as he can prove.

Don Gas. Are you there still, madam! am I to be dared in my own house!—

enter GERONIMO and don DAPHNIS.

Oh! here he is.

Per. (aside) My own knight-errant as I live!

Amin. (aside) Ha! ha! what a faded nosegay!

Don Gas. I am sorry to find, sir, you have met with worse treatment than I designed.

Don Daph. Tis well I am alive to hear your worship say so. I have met with barbarous treatment, that's the truth; and I am sure your worship may safely trust me at large again, for I am so cramped in my limbs, and sunk in my spirits, I have neither heart nor power to hurt man, woman, or child.

Don Alon. What am I to learn from this, sir?

Don Gas. (to don Daphnis) Before you have your liberty, sir, I must know more of you. You confessed last night a design on my daughter.

Amin. Oh! lord!

Don Daph. Indeed, your worship, I never saw your daughter, yonder, but once; which was last candelmas eve, at st. Anthony's. I am an innocent man, truly, of any ill design; and, if your worship pleases, I will engage never to speak to her, or any woman again.

Per. Sir, your servant, I thank you for your gallantry.—(*to don Gaspar*) You see, sir, what your mountainous labor has produced; nothing but this mouse.

Don Daph. Nay, madam, I am sure I have suffered enough in your service. I have learnt something, however, at college, and studied natural philosophy sufficiently, to know the nature of women. As soon as I can bear jolting, I'll set off over the mountains, and never say a civil thing to a woman again. [exit]

Don Gas. I'm deceived by every one. But no, I'll not be imposed on. You have resigned my daughter, sir, and I'll take care to keep her. Come hither, madam.

Ang. Sir, my vows are past, and cannot be cancelled.

Amin. Perhaps I can arbitrate between you. Let me see the deed ; I think it but just that every one should abide by what they have formally set their hands to.

Don Alon. How, madam !

Don Gas. Ay, ay, let that determine it.

Amin. You agree then, sir, to abide by the terms of this deed.

Don Gas. Every item. What it specifies I am fully, stedfastly determined to see executed, and I take every one here to witness it.

Amin. I'll read it then.—(*reads*)—"This indenture, of two parts, made between don Gaspar de Souza, on the one part, and don Alonzo de Nunez, son-in-law to the said don Gaspar, on the other, witnesseth"—

Don Gas. Ay, ay, now mark—

Amin. "That the said don Gaspar"—

Don Gas. Ay !

Amin. "Agrees fully and freely to give his daughter Angelica to the said don Alonzo"—

Don Gas. Ha ! what, what !

Amin. "With a portion of ten thousand pistoles."

Don Gas. It's a lie ; I have agreed to no such thing.

Amin. Sir, here's your signature.

Don Gas. I'm surrounded with villany ; abused by every one. Give me the deed, you jade, give me the deed !

Amin. Excuse me, sir, this is its owner.—(*gives it to don Alonzo*)

Don Alon. No, madam, I disdain even to secure hap-

piness by such means. Take back, sir, your defrauded gift ; I claim but my own, the hand of my Angelica.

Don Gas. I'm disarmed at once.—(*joins their hands*)

Amin. A little reflection will soon show him how vain it is to resist. Indeed, I believe—

Don Chr. Upon my soul, I can't hold my tongue any longer.

Amin. Come, come, sir, I must stop you before you transgress farther. You saw I wanted to speak, and you have the rudeness to interrupt me.

Don Chr. No, madam, it was politeness and proper deference, for I intended to let you have the last word.

Don Alon. Nay, I think it is I who should speak. Christoval, will you give me your hand ? I believe I have your heart.

Don Chr. Ay, you were so anxious to get it, a little while ago, you were for ripping open my breast. But if you had, you wouldn't have found it ; would he, madam ? (*to Aminta*)

Amin. How should I know, sir ?

Don Chr. Here's a breach of trust ! I gave her my heart the other day, and now she disclaims all knowledge of it.

Amin. You must prove your title first. But, talking of justice, my dear Angelica, how can I clear myself with you ? I'm sure I owe you a great deal.

Ang. As I am somewhat indebted to that gentleman, pay him what you owe me.

Don Chr. (*takes Aminta's hand*)—Madam, I arrest you for the debt.

Don Alon. She'll give you personal security. And you my faithful Pertilla—

Per. Dont dispose of me, sir, I beg of you. Single I am, and single let me be ; subject to the caprice of no man, and led by no whims but my own. No, sir, all I ask is to let me serve my lady, and dandle my young masters and mistresses ; and, as I am tolerably versed in love affairs, I think, some dozen years hence, I may rise to the dignity of a cuenna.

Don Alon. Well, my Angelica, my doubts of you

have only tended to strengthen my conviction of your excellence. The clouds have rolled away; the sun breaks forth, and brightens all around us—

Fair sets the wind, the tide of fortune serves,
And with the 'vantage of the flowing stream,
We'll shape our course to joy.—Grant that there may
Arise no cloud to shade the dawning day.

THE END OF THE STUDENTS OF SALAMANCA.

14 11 75
4 Aug 47

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY PERTILLA.

Our Salamanca students, stuff'd with knowledge,
Have kept their terms at Salamanca college ;
But, what the dickens will the fellows do,
If, after all, they dont keep *terms* with you ?
Vain doubt ! you smile—our batchelors prevail—
Words may deceive, but hearts and hands can't fail.
Spain, get thee gone ! I hate your ruffs and sattins—
I'm off for London in a pair of pattens.
Veils, ladders, loopholes, lattices, adieu,
With solemn phiz—square cap and stocking blue
I'll turn stage lecturer—pray, sirs, be dumb—
My motto's—*veluti in speculum*.
I'm dubb'd a doctor, learned, letter'd wizard—
Pertilla—LL D. and X. Y. Izzard.
First, we'll suppose those lamps a court of law—
“ My luds—a hem ! I humbly move—a ha !
This plaguy cough impedes my peroration,
I move that hissing plays be transportation.
Tis time, my luds, discordant mouths to muffle—
My luds, I hold a brief with serjeant Snuffle ;
To prop the dictum of my learned brother,
I move that hands be made to clap each other.”
“ Well, brothers, take your rule, in common prudence
You'll serve it on the *Salamanca students* ;
And if the town rebel, your course is this—
The hands that clap must stop the mouths that hiss.”
But why to Westminster for samples roam ?
My motto overhead cries—“ look at home.”
I will—behold yon bucks array'd in furs,
Long skirts, short boots, brass foreheads, and brass spurs.
Two stars abhor one sphere—war—war's, the cry—
“ Sir, I'll sit here.”—“ I'll make you stand.”—“ You
lie.”

“ ‘Twas you—not I—I wish you’d mind your vowels”—
“ You’ve prick’d my leg—I wish you’d mind your *row-
els.*”

Ye students, who on Salamanca’s plain
Taught France a lesson, France will long retain,
Our Salamanca dons, here strive to night,
To emulate in love, your skill in fight.
Give them good fellowship, and let them found
Their five act college upon british ground;
So shall they con their tasks with merry faces,
And graduate nightly in the town’s good graces.

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